















# **LEOLIN ABBEY.**

**VOL. III.**



# LEOLIN ABBEY.

A Novel.

BY ALICIA LEFANU,

AUTHOR OF  
STRATHALLAN AND HELEN MONTEAGLE.

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Dolce Amicizia, omai l'antico impero  
Sul cicco Dio riprendi degli amanti :  
Bastar può Amore nel bollor primiero ;  
Tu in ogni età rallegrì i cor costanti.  
Fiamme ei donna funeste ; e tu sincero  
Vincolo forni di legami santi .  
Quel, piacer dona alla tenera salma  
Ma tu sostegno, e vita sei del alma.

GALATEA.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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# LEOLIN ABBEY.

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## CHAPTER I.

The colour of our fate too oft is tinged  
Mournful, or bright, but from our first affections.  
JEPHSON. *Count of Narbonne.*

THE revulsion produced by the intelligence that Mandeville was at Weymouth, somewhat retarded Ellen's recovery. She was not mistaken in her presentiments.— It was he who had rushed forward to preserve her life— it was he, who, recently returned from a foreign land, most fortunately found himself near her in a conjuncture when no one else seemed to have the presence of mind requisite to render her assistance.

“ You will be glad, I am sure, per-

sonally to thank Captain Mandeville, as soon as you are able to see company. He has been most assiduous in his enquiries. Certainly, the men of his profession are very humane : they will risk their lives for the most indifferent person, when it is possible they can be of service.”

To this judicious remark, delivered in Lord Arlington’s usual happy manner, Ellen returned no reply. She was at the moment deeply busied in contriving how to avoid this dreaded interview with Mandeville. “ I will write to him,” she said ; “ yes, I will write.—And how shall I write to him, after so long a separation ? Cold, cold—as cold as possible,” she continued, as if dictating to herself, “ that is my only course now.”—She sat down to her desk, took up her pen, and after sighing, “ Oh, Raymond, is it thus that Ellen must address thee !” in a hand scarcely legible, from illness and emotion, scrawled the following lines :—

“Lady Arlington takes the earliest opportunity of expressing to Captain Mandeville her deep sense of the important service he has rendered her, and hopes, at no distant period, to be able personally to return him her heartfelt acknowledgments. As, however, she still continues in a state of extreme weakness of nerves and spirits, Lady Arlington trusts her motive will not be misconstrued, if she begs to decline, for the present, receiving the visits of Captain Mandeville.”

Disliking every line she had written, yet without courage to begin another billet, poor Ellen dispatched her note as it was. Her precaution was fruitless. The first time she visited Lady Valmorden, she found Captain Mandeville with her. Agitating as the meeting was to both parties, yet Raymond had so much self-command for Ellen’s sake, and Ellen for her own, that it might have passed

off without much emotion being betrayed on either side, but for Lady Valmorden, who appeared the most distressed and interested of the three.—“ This is a painful meeting,” she said, “ of friends long parted.—Alas! what dreadful scenes have you not witnessed together!” She took out her handkerchief as she spoke, and, as if wishing to recover herself, walked into another room.—Ellen was fully sensible of the imprudence or wilful blindness of her friend. Mandeville was the first to reconcile her to herself. He seemed to feel so much for the delicacy of her situation, so perfectly to respect her new and sacred character, that he succeeded in calming her alarms, and enabling her to recover some degree of self-possession. He spoke to her of former scenes—of Sicily —of her mother: this was always the way to call forth Ellen’s tears, but, at the same time, to draw forth the sting from more bitter emotions.

Charmed with Raymond's conduct, Ellen returned to Lady Valmorden's another morning with less fear, and observed, with pleasure, that Mandeville was by no means a constant visitor. She, however, could not avoid meeting him in public, at the theatre, on the esplanade ; and she had not yet learnt to look at him without changing colour, and experiencing a sensation approaching to fainting. He was much altered from the brilliant and handsome Captain Mandeville Ellen remembered at Catanea : but, in her eyes, such alteration was far from diminishing the interest he inspired. One day, that Lady Arlington had taken the liberty of a friend to bring her little Clementina to Lady Valmorden's, she again met Captain Mandeville there, and thought his manner towards her more unguarded and lover-like than usual. When awed by Ellen's repelling looks, he began caressing the lovely child —

“ Oh, that Clementina could speak for me,” he said; “ her name denotes compassion; she would ask her mother in what I have offended.”

“ She is not used to be so much noticed by strangers,” said Lady Arlington, gravely, and at the same time taking the child out of his arms.

“ Strangers!” repeated Mandeville, with an emphasis that brought the colour into the cheeks of Ellen.

“ Clementina, I will put you in a corner, if you engross all the conversation,” said Lady Valmorden, heartily wearied by the insignificant part she played.

“ Little cherub! how perfect is her infant beauty!” exclaimed Raymond, as he contemplated the lovely features of the child, with an admiration of which he durst not acknowledge to himself the source.

“ I am sure,” resumed Lady Valmorden, completely piqued at the failure of a brilliant sally, “ it is of those earthborn

cherubs one may truly say “Cherubim and Seraphim *continually do cry.*” \*

Never had Lady Arlington seen her friend’s passion for appearing a wit lead her so far before; she coloured at this daring impiety: while Mandeville, who possessed a sailor’s faith, brief but fervent, looked at her ladyship for a moment, as if doubtful whether it was a woman he was speaking to, or some syren monster just risen from the deep, to be laid again by the innocent exorcism of Ellen’s virtuous eye.

Lady Valmorden saw she had gone too far. She recurred to her usual resource, that of laughing off her imprudence. Her ladyship was indeed a skilful laugher, but she could not yet succeed in laughing Ellen out of her principles, nor of her salutary dread of a renewed intimacy with Captain Mandeville.

\* Genuine.

## CHAP. II.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

*Lady of the Lake.*

Piqued at Lady Arlington's utter neglect of him, Alured was far from attributing it to the true cause : on the contrary, her change of manner, and Captain Mandeville's appearance on the scene, were circumstances brought so near together in point of time, that he confidently, though erroneously, attributed the one to the other. In this moment of disappointment and mortified vanity, Lady Valmorden exerted herself more than ever to engage him, and was but too successful. She certainly was extremely amusing, and amusement was the very

thing he wanted. Where lively spirits are accompanied by a deep and acute sensibility, the person thus distinguished, however gay and volatile he may appear to the world in general, has usually, in his liveliest sallies, a kind of mental reservation, amid his most thoughtless maxims a different and “Internal Doctrine,” and the character of this *internal doctrine* is often profoundly melancholy. So it was with Alured ; who, however caressed and courted, had received some severe lessons, that made him consider mankind in rather an unfavourable light ; who often looked back on the past with bitterness, and forward to the future with apprehension.

Mean while, Leonora could not avoid remarking some difference in the style of his letters. Instead of those soft effusions of confidence that used to form their principal charm, they now chiefly consisted of brief notices of what was going on in the political world, or anec-

dotes of the passing day, given in a strain of caustic severity that displeased Leonora, though she was not aware why they did so. The uneasiness she felt in reading them arose from a scarce defined consciousness, that, had Alured felt exactly as he formerly did, he could not employ such bitterness of expression even in writing of others, when addressing the woman he loved. Love would involuntarily have thrown a softness over his style. He would, besides, have experienced in himself more of that complacency, good-will, and charity, which would be universal and eternal, if love were so.

"I think," observed Mrs. Montresor, "Alured grows less communicative than he used to be. I may be mistaken, but somehow we don't know so well what he is about."

Leonora started. She had made the same remark to herself that very morning, yet it struck her with the shock of

novelty to hear it repeated by Mrs. Montresor.

We sometimes experience a painful sensation in hearing another person affirm what we feel already to be true : though we knew it, the sound of a second voice repeating it, echoes our own thoughts with distressing confirmation.

Feelings of painful uncertainty succeeded, yet she struggled, and with firmness, against that inertness of the mind, that languor of the heart, which accompanies desponding love.— Was she less happy, now that she was the selected object of his affection, than when Alured, the distinguished and amiable Alured, was in Sicily, wholly occupied with other interests, and apparently forgetful of her?— Much less so. For then she was often happy, exquisitely happy in the resources she possessed independent of, and wholly unconnected with him. Her girlish preference was nearly obliterated, and, entertaining no

expectations of a different conduct, the silence of eight months was far more easy to be endured than she now found the silence of eight days. His regular communications were the sustenance to which he had accustomed her mind ; yet, though any irregularity or intermission in them produced the bitterest disappointment, it was not always the consequence of their arrival to restore her to cheerfulness and smiles.

The heart that surrenders itself to passion may taste moments of happiness, but has bidden adieu to gaiety. Its very joys are tearful, and its pains, in number and duration, far exceed its pleasures. It is the nature of painful emotions to be more permanent than pleasing ones. Though the wound inflicted by a word of cold unkindness may remain still fresh and bleeding after an interval of years, it by no means follows that the delight imparted by an instance of tenderness is capable of being extended to an equal duration. Grief can feed upon itself,

but joy requires perpetual aliment. The feelings are always in progression. Those assurances of attachment that at first were deemed sufficient, do not prevent the approach of doubts and misgivings, unless reiterated with added warmth and earnestness. Fears for life, health, and safety then succeed, and, supposing even all these to be done away, the aching void of absence becomes, on the removal of other anxieties, only the more intolerable; and the various sorrows in this 'rain show how little calculated is the human heart to become the abode of perfect happiness.

Captain Mandeville's continued stay at Weymouth, without apparent end or motive, began to give uneasiness to Lady Arlington. How Lady Valmorden had become acquainted with him, she could not tell; but she thought if her friend would discourage his visits it would deprive his present residence of one of its attractions, and render her own inter-

course with Lesbina more safe and agreeable.—“I think I may demand of her that small sacrifice,” she said. But when Ellen mentioned her wishes to Lady Valmorden, the lively lady replied, —“ My dear creature, what you propose is, as the man in *Don Quixote* said, “ of all impossibilities the most impossible.” On what pretext could I discourage Captain Mandeville, who has shown the greatest *empressement* for my acquaintance, and who is not only a distinguished officer, but a highly accomplished and well-informed man.—You don’t meet such men every day.—Do you know, he has introduced to me a Greek priest or interpreter, I don’t know which, that he brought over from Constantinople.—All I *do* know is, that he is a dear, delightful, foreign looking creature, with a long beard—that his name is Paulo Varcupoli — and that he has engaged to make me mistress of the Romaic language in the space of a month.”

Ellen knew, as soon as Lady Valmorden mentioned the Greek interpreter, that no considerations of reason and friendship would weigh against her taste for foreigners and foreign languages ; she, therefore, dropt the subject, and contented herself with visiting her friend less frequently than formerly.

A few days after Ellen's secession, Mandeville called upon Lady Valmorden as usual. Some newspapers lay upon the table. The discourse turned upon the naval promotions of the day.

“ Captain Jones to the *Eurymedon* — Captain Bentick to the *Caroline*. — Heigho ! I wish I could get employed too !” said Mandeville : “ I wish I could get out again — I’m tired of this ‘ idle gentleman’s ’ life on shore ; but, unfortunately, my poor father and brother were both so constantly on the wrong side in politics, that I’ve no more interest with the lords of the Admiralty, than if I were the son of an Irish peer !”

" And pray, my very good friend," said Lady Valmorden, archly, " how long has this distaste for the life of an idle gentleman arisen? You used to perform the part with singular satisfaction and success.—I believe I may date it from last Wednesday, three o'clock, Post Meridian; for that was the last time you saw *her* to my knowledge."

Mandeville started.

" How unobserving we always fancy our friends!" continued Lady Valmorden, laughing. " Don't you think I was able to account for your being such wretched stupid company these four days past?—for your melancholy looks directed towards that unoccupied ottoman, and your vacant air when any one attempted to address you? Seriously," her ladyship, with more earnestness, resumed, " my friend, Lady Arlington, has behaved, in this instance, with a caprice and childishness unworthy of her. Satisfied, as she is, of the purity and rectitude

of her own intentions, and of your's, it seems strange that a woman of her strength of mind, and independence of character — a woman who has spent so much time on the continent too, should be startled at the idea of continuing a friendship, formed in early youth, with an amiable man. — But then, 'tis such a little prude — ”

“ I admire, I venerate Lady Arlington for her sentiments,” interrupted Mandeville, eagerly ; “ but still — ”

“ You wish they were quite the reverse ! is not that it ? Oh, the inconsistency of human wishes ! Be satisfied of one thing — you will never get her, in so many words, to say, “ Captain Mandeville, I think your company a great *chasse ennui* at Weymouth ; and, therefore, make it my particular request you will stay here as long as I do :” but, at the same time, I will undertake to sound her, and to discover whether your absence is really of any importance to her ; so recover

your spirits.—Green, you know, is the colour of hope—it is also the colour of the willow, by the by—no matter—if we appear at the theatre, on the 2d, in ornaments of emerald, it will mean, “Mandeville, stay”—if not ——”

“Sweet, fantastic Lesbina! I joyfully accept the omen.”

“Not so fast, my good friend—do not plume yourself upon this concession. I really think my dearest Lady Arlington owes it to herself to prove that your actions are not of the mighty consequence you seem to imagine—for that is the meaning of all your feigned humility.—Oh, the vanity of your sex!”

In this manner, appearing to mingle a praiseworthy motive with the most singular conduct, Lesbina left her auditor agitated with alternate hopes, fears, and doubts, both with regard to herself and others; and suffering under that suspense which evil spirits always inspire, as to whether their intent be “wicked or charitable.”

The clue to her ladyship's conduct may easily be found. Neither desirous of Lady Arlington's welfare or unhappiness, but as it was connected with her own interest, she still retained an anxious jealousy on account of her influence over Alured, and was ignorant of the virtuous and noble motives which had induced Lady Arlington to put an end to that intercourse of vanity for ever.

Desirous to secure the conquest of Vere for herself, Lady Valmorden thought she could not do more judiciously than encourage, by every means in her power, the prolonged stay of a man who still held a mysterious influence over the fate of Ellen, and whose presence took her completely off from every other interest and attraction.

Under these impressions, this insidious friend, concealing the conversation she lately had with Mandeville, proposed, with apparent carelessness, that, the next time she went to the thea-

tre, the ornaments of Ellen should consist of her superb set of emeralds.—“The fact is,” she continued, “I have a fancy to be drest in the same; and, as we are Inseparables, I should prefer our being, on this occasion, drest alike.”

“But we cannot be drest exactly alike,” objected Lady Arlington. “The emerald, for instance, that forms the clasp is not to be matched.”

“Oh, leave it to me to match it,” replied Lady Valmorden, with a smile, “and to match it so well, that Messrs. \* \* \* \* and Co. themselves could not know the difference. As Mrs. Malaprop says, it is necessary ladies should learn “to have a little ingenuity and artifice.”

Lesbina had a taste for every thing like deceit. She gave her directions so accurately, that an emerald, exactly equalling in colour and size that which Lady Arlington wore, was made for her. Highly satisfied with the prospect of appearing in the same costume as her dear Insepar-

able, she flew to communicate this success to her friend ; and it was finally agreed between her and the innocent, unconscious Ellen, that, on the 2d, they should appear at the theatre in the fatal dresses.

## CHAP. III.

D'un cœur qui t'aime  
 Mon dieu qui peut troubler la paix ?  
 Il cherche en tout ta volonté suprême  
     Et ne se cherche jamais.  
 Sur la terre, dans le ciel même  
 Est-il d'autre bonheur que la tranquille paix  
 D'un cœur qui t'aime ?

RACINE.

ENDOWED with an enthusiastic passion for the arts, this taste was brought to perfection during Lady Arlington's residence in Italy. Her opinion was referred to, as a standard, and her approbation eagerly sought by all, in her native country, who laid claim to talent or invention.

## LEOLIN ABBEY.

It happened that her patronage (in common with that of many other distinguished persons) was requested, on the publication of a superb edition of the Bible, embellished with engravings, chiefly from the paintings of West, and other masters of the English school. Lady Arlington, whose munificence and patriotism were fully equal to her taste, prided herself on the encouragement she gave to a work of art ; although, to any one who had bestowed attention on the really invaluable portion of the book, she might still have given the appellation of a weak-minded bigot. A superb copy of the work had been presented to her ladyship ; and, while awaiting the arrival of her friend Lady Valmorden, she was examining with vivid and almost childlike delight the engravings, when an unexpected visitor was announced — Mr. Wentworth. He had been visiting his Dorsetshire friend, and thought it incumbent on him to wait on Lady Ar-

lington previous to his departure, to know if there was any thing he could do for her in the neighbourhood of Clevelands. Henry started with joyful surprise on observing her employment.— Ellen answered that start. “ Now I am sure,” she said, smiling, “ Mr. Wentworth believes me a convert:—I am sorry to say, it is only to the excellency of the English school of painting.”— Wentworth gazed sorrowfully upon her. That night Lady Arlington looked uncommonly beautiful. Her fine luxuriant hair was disposed to the greatest advantage. Her dress was white crape, over white satin; and the only ornaments being of emeralds, that rich yet modest gem, were admirably suited to her delicate, winning style of beauty.

After a little more trifling chat, he ventured to say, “ And has Lady Arlington found nothing else worthy of notice in that book?”

“ Excuse me; I have dipped into it

here and there, and found many passages very interesting."

" I wish I might venture to recommend it to your ladyship to do more; and, I am sure, what was begun from curiosity would soon be continued from inclination."

" Well, Mr. Wentworth, remember I make no promises, but I really have half a mind to do as you advise."

" How I should rejoice in being your adviser! — Many, many there are who contemn the study of the Scriptures, merely from ignorance of their contents."

" I own," resumed Ellen, in some confusion, " that such has been my wandering life—the diversity of my pursuits — I never have had an opportunity of much serious and connected reading on that subject."

" I am sure of it," Henry, with ready indulgence, replied: " but, now your curiosity *is* awakened, neglect it no longer, dear Lady Arlington. Improve

your cultivated mind ; store your retentive memory with the riches presented in the Scriptures ; and you will find, even sooner than you perhaps imagine, that “ where your treasure is, there your heart will be also.”

Ellen listened with a mixture of pleasure and uneasiness, drew her chair forward, like a person attentive and half convinced ; and at length murmured, in a low tone, and casting down her eyes, — “ If I had but the habit of such studies — I am sensible the beginnings are the most difficult ; and you will allow yourself, Mr. Wentworth, that, to a person of a taste rather refined, there is something in the singular phraseology of the Scriptures, which — ”

“ Time will amend all that,” observed Henry, encouragingly ; “ your taste has been wholly formed upon different models ; but, if once you began to relish the subject, I should have no fear of soon making your ladyship a convert to the

simple beauties of the style. Even as the classic scholar dwells, with perhaps too fondly exclusive a partiality, on each exquisitely chosen expression that he discovers in his favourite poet, thus you will find yourself insensibly attached to the turn of thought, the character of language — to the very words in which those holy admonitions, those gracious declarations are conveyed. “ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.” — Can the most laboured picture of the orator, the most romantic vision of the poet, open a prospect of such unbounded hope, of such transporting promise ? ”

“ Yet, is there not some danger,” Ellen resumed, “ that too much reading may rather tend to increase doubt than to satisfy it ? The common people, who believe with the most unshaken faith, have but little time for study.”

“ True ; but when, in that class, we meet with hearts that are truly simple and uncorrupted, the sincerity and earnestness that accompanies their child-like ignorance enables them easily to discover all that is necessary to salvation. Their firm faith supplies the place of a more enlarged and cultivated understanding. With *us*, on the contrary, in whom an intercourse with the world has rubbed off that holy simplicity which is essential to such undoubting belief, it is peculiarly necessary, that “ to our faith we should add knowledge,” in order that evidence may induce our cheerful acquiescence in those truths which, from feeling, we are no longer able to receive.”

“ But, supposing we do *not* receive them all,” continued the still unconvinced Ellen, “ do you perceive that there is among us people of fashion, who venture to think a little for ourselves, any striking inferiority in moral character to

those who profess a more rigid system of belief? — Are we less charitable to the poor; less compassionate to the unfortunate; less" (and her voice involuntarily assumed a softer insinuation as she spoke) "less tender and attentive to our friends, in the hour of sickness or the season of affliction?"

" You are all that," Henry, half smiling, replied. " Lady Arlington's life, in contradiction to her doctrine, entitles her to the brightest reward; and why will she persist in rejecting those proofs that alone entitle her with certainty to claim it. — No, no, it will not do.—Leave to the depraved victim of error, to the heartless pupil of selfishness, the miserable consolation that there is, perhaps, no hereafter, in which they must account for talents and opportunities worse than trifled away. — But for Lady Arlington, whose whole time is passed in the graceful discharge of every virtue— who has never, by injustice,

drawn forth the widow's or orphan's sigh — never, by coquetry or imprudence, inspired the lover's presumptuous hope — ”

Had Henry looked at his lovely *Pénitente*, as he arrived at this part of his sentence, he would have perceived that he was not heard wholly without emotion. The fine features of Lady Arlington became agitated with the expression of contending passions: and, through the rouge that fashion now obliged her to wear, the variations of her complexion were still very perceptible.

“ You probe deeply, Mr. Wentworth,” she hastily replied; “ I shall consider of what you say; and, if I am led finally to reject your arguments, I give you my promise it shall not be without due examination.”

“ I would fain enforce them,” resumed Henry, “ with the authority of a name dear to every person of sensibility

and taste. Your ladyship, doubtless, remembers the opinion of Sir William Jones—”

At this moment, they were interrupted by the entrance of Lady Valmorden. She started back on seeing Wentworth, whom she had sometimes met at Clevelands; but a renewal of acquaintance, in this place, was, to her, an event equally undesired and unlooked for. “Time wears,” she playfully exclaimed, holding up her crystal-cased watch, set round with brilliants. (The little, splendid bauble was a *galanterie* of Sir Alured Vere’s.)—“*Allons donc.*”

“I believe I must ask your indulgence for this evening,” said Lady Arlington. “I have been engaged in a conversation that has rather unfitted me for gaiety and amusement.”

“Why, what *has* this formidable Mr. Wentworth been saying to you. You look, indeed, like another Berenice listening to the thundering Paul. *His* air

is so sublime, and your head is drest so divinely. — Positively no?"

Ellen shook her head. — Lady Valmorden walked up to the glass, looked at her own dress, then at Lady Arlington's.— They were exactly alike—white, with emerald ornaments.— Thought of the disappointment to Mandeville if they missed going to the play as had been pre-arranged—yet still, fearful, from the very consciousness of design, of appearing to urge her point, her ladyship dissembled her chagrin as well as she could, exclaiming with assumed sprightliness, “*A la bonne heure — Parlons religion*, since that is to be the order of the day ; though I must confess, Mr. Wentworth, I could have wished you had left the care of my dearest Ellen’s faith to me, at least till age had “ dimmed the lustre of those starry eyes.” By that time, I have no doubt she may prove a very creditable convert ; for, as it is, somewhere, very justly remarked, *Les vieilles et les laides sont toutes pour dieu.*”

"*My* line of observation has, in general, presented me with a contrary picture," Wentworth gravely replied. "I have the happiness of knowing a young and fashionable lady whose piety gives a lustre to all her other virtues, and yet whose claims to personal admiration are at least as great as —"

He paused, but the meditated conclusion could easily be supplied. Disdaining to appear offended, Lady Valmorden only laughingly exclaimed, "And pray who may this paragon of perfection be?—I think I already see St. Evremond's devout Emilie, with her bible under her arm —?"

"The lady I allude to, more usually rests her's upon her reading-desk," answered Wentworth, drily.

Tears started into Ellen's eyes; she was sure he was thinking of Leonora.—Lady Valmorden guessed what passed in her mind; and flinging round her neck an arm of uncommon beauty,

turned on her a countenance full of upbraiding softness, and remained, for about a minute, in an attitude most admirably calculated to display her tenderness for her friend — or the beauty of her fragrant Cashmerian shawl.

“ I own myself struck by Mr. Wentworth’s arguments,” Lady Arlington said; “ and had you been here, perhaps you would have been the same.”

“ Don’t flatter yourself. To speak philosophically, or, in other words, rationally, if the futurity were, indeed, so great an object, why are we not endued at once with a sixth sense? — a mental telescope, of power sufficient to magnify its importance to our intellectual vision, so as to prevent the possibility of our preferring the sinful pomps and vanities of this wicked world.”

“ I know not,” Henry gravely replied, “ how such a dispensation could be compatible with the necessary attention to our interests, the care our preservation

demands while yet below. Once admitted to the dazzling vision of futurity, could we bear our detention here? — Were a door to be opened in the heavens \*, — might we, but for one moment, have a sight of the glories prepared for us, — we could not choose but rush forward — ”

“ Down, down, Azor!” exclaimed Lady Valmorden; “ not one bit more of biscuit shall you have, sir, to-night. How intensely troublesome those little French

\* In making these observations, Wentworth had, perhaps unconsciously, in his mind, the following passage of Bishop Sherlock’s.

“ We now call it Death to leave this world; but were we once out of it, and instated in the happiness of the next, we should think it were dying indeed to come into it again. We read of none of the Apostles, who did so passionately desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, as St. Paul; and there was some reason for it: because he had had a taste of that happiness, being snatched up into the third heaven. Indeed, could we see the glories of that place, it would make us impatient of living here: *and possibly that is one reason why they are concealed from us.*”

*Barbets* are! — A thousand pardons, Mr. Wentworth, that last observation was superlatively judicious, but —” Her ladyship then turned to Ellen, and began whispering something in her ear, which, although it appeared to agitate her with irrepressible laughter, only crimsoned the cheek of her companion with blushes. Then, turning suddenly, yet gracefully to Henry, “ I make Mr Wentworth the umpire,” she said, “ whether it was in any christian gravity to stand it. — Last Sunday, at Walworth Church, old Naseby the clerk, being troubled with a defluxion in his eye, found it impossible, when it came to be his office, to point out the proper psalms. He turned and turned over the well-thumbed volume in vain; at length, in despair, he slowly snufled out, “ My eyes are very dim, I cannot see at all.” — Instantly the “ bawling boys,” as some poet denominates those charming choisters, began the new-raised stave, —

" My—eyes—are—ve-ry—dim :" and the good country folks went through it, not once doubting but it was one of the Psalms of David they had been accustom'd to hear given out."

Lady Valnorden, not content with her narrative, here imitated the slow drawling utterance and nasal twang of the unfortunate clerk so exactly, that, in an auditory ~~as~~ <sup>only</sup> constituted, she could not have failed of exciting a laugh. But her ladyship was destined, for once, to experience a failure in her plan of producing effect. Blunders or ridicule were equally lost upon Henry. He stood proof against the eloquence both of her snarl and her mimicry : and, duly appreciating the motive of her insolent and flippant interruption, he took up a book from among the numerous publications that were scattered around the elegant apartment, and left the ladies to the enjoyment of that lighter convers-

ation Lady Valmorden seemed desirous to introduce.

Piqued with his indifference, she, in a few moments, hastily exclaimed, “Are those some of the studies you have been recommending to Lady Arlington? “*Toujours des livres!*” as poor Rousseau says. What is she to begin with? The works of Cardinal Bellarmine, or the History of the Council of Trent? — Ecclesiastics have been edifying characters in all ages, and their exertions in the cause of human happiness very great, from the excommunications of the *humble* successors of the Fisherman, to the pious and *holy* wars suggested by Peter the Hermit.”

“I am reading of a Hermit who may serve as a contrast to your ladyship’s,” said Henry; and, encouraged by a smile from Ellen, he communicated the following passage.\*

\* History of the Invasion of Switzerland.

" After the victory over Charles the Bold, wars ensued between the Cantons. Deputies from all the Cantons had assembled at Stantz. Already all hopes of an accommodation had vanished, when, by one of those events which seem almost miraculous, the eloquence of a single man conciliated every mind. Nicholas de Flue, the Hermit, was the mediator in this great contention, and the Cantons, by his persuasion, renewed in 1481 their Federation Compact."

" How seldom," continued Wentworth, " is this blessed peacemaker named in comparison to the turbulent and ambitious Peter! — Such is the unobtrusive nature of virtue. — Lady Valmorden, you are fondest of foreign writers. Your ladyship must have observed the lights as well as shades that form the picture of the Catholic Church. If we are disgusted with the ambition of a Richelieu, a Ximenes, or an Alberoni, we surely cannot contemplate, without

sentiments of a lively interest, the benevolence of a Fenelon, the self-devotion of a St. Vincent de Paul, or the humility of a St. François de Sales.\* "Oh, who," continued Henry, kindling with enthusiasm, "who would not rather be Vincent de Paul, humbly kneeling to the flinty-hearted statesman, imploring the haughty Richelieu to have pity upon the miseries of a suffering people, than the proud Lord Cardinal, in all the plenitude of his glory and his power."

"Now you talk of St. François de Sales," observed Lady Valmorden, with a look as demure as her little arch features could assume, "I remember being much edified by an anecdote related of him by one of his cotemporaries — "*Le bon Evéque* (he said) *trichoit un peu au piquet* — *mais c'étoit pour donner aux pauvres.*" And this reminds me that we

\* St. François de Sales, Bishop of Geneva; a bright example of evangelical piety, humility, and good works.

are just a party for a little sociable game of piquet. Mr. Wentworth can cut in when I am tired ; and, in the mean time, he may amuse himself, in the most suitable manner in the world for an English Protestant divine, composing an *Eloge* upon the virtues of St. Vincent de Paul."

## CHAP. IV.

Ah, hills beloved ! where once a happy child,  
 Your beechen shades, your turf, your flowers among,  
 I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,  
 And woke your echoes with my artless song. . .

Ah, hills beloved ! your turf, your flowers remain,  
 But can they peace to this sad breast restore,  
 For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,  
 And teach a breaking heart to throb no more.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

*Lady Arlington to Lady Valmorden.*

“ Clevelands.

“ You say that “ my flight has surprised you.” Ah Lesbina ! ought you to express or feel surprise ? I had too many enemies to contend with — myself, another — and my well-intentioned, but too indulgent Lady Valmorden. I sought the only remedy in my power. Various

reasons led me to prefer this scene of my earliest years to Newborough Hall. I am restored to the spot whence all my liveliest impressions were drawn ; impressions made in those youthful days, which, as the “Minstrel” observes, appear invested with a radiance, a kind of “purple light,” when contemplated through the perspective of years. I am now very busy with my birds, my flowers, and planning the construction of several elegant cottages and *fermes ornées*. For society, I have invited down Constantia Newborough, a sister of Lord Arlington’s. She would not be at all to your taste, but there is to me something soothing in her company. Poor thing ! she has but one soft, mournful, melancholy note—’tis like the perpetual plaining of a mateless dove.—Still, *her* love at least was innocent—*she* has a *right* to weep—sad yet enviable privilege ! —

I wish I had you here to consult about my aviary, and the various decorations

of my cottages — they call for all my taste and fancy.

“ And, but for thee, sweet Fancy ! how  
Should I have suffer'd life 'till now ?  
When with its burthen sore opprest,  
And sorrows lab'ring in my breast,  
Led by thy fascinating power,  
I've cheated care of many an hour,  
And, in thy fairy paths meandering,  
With grateful heart have blest the wandering.”

Here is a pretty epistle, half prose, half verse, like a French letter of the last century. But am I not in the right ?— When we look back upon the past, and encounter nothing but the spectres of memory ; when each birthday is “ but the funeral of another year ;” when friends appear ranged as the poet has classed them — “ the cold — the faithless — and the dead ;” what remains but for imagination to draw a kind of magic circle, a line beyond which our thoughts are no longer permitted to pass, for fear that, if they crossed the bound-

## LEOLIN ABBEY.

ary, they, at every step, might find a foe ? When we were together, you used often to say that my spirits could heighten even yours. Alas, my dear familiar ! it was because I have for years been accustomed to live as much as possible *out of myself*. But sometimes I am constrained to look at home ; and then, I imagine my feelings, at sight of the picture which my own mind presents, may be compared to those of the ancient owners of stately but desolate castles, which they quitted from the supposition of their being haunted. If, for a moment, they left the gay regions of pleasure to look into those mansions called their own, they trembled at every step, and heard voices in every echo. Even thus my mind is peopled with the ghosts of departed joys — good resolutions broken — friends lost or estranged — and grief and terror haunting my solitary hours.

“ While struggling with these miserable feelings, I have derived great con-

solation from one book — Paley's Evidences of Christianity. — I see Lesbina smile, but cannot retract what I have written. Bishop Horsley's Sermons and Bishop Porteus's Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew \*, have, also, given me much, but different degrees of satisfaction. There is a feeble elegance about Porteus, that always gives one the idea he could not banish from his mind the rank of the fine people he was addressing ; in Horsley, on the contrary, there is a force of language and variety of imagery that rivets the attention and commands admiration as well as respect. All art and nature are called in for illustrations, as far as sacred subjects will admit of them. From the richness and felicity of allusion that adds such graces to his style, I should feel inclined to compare the Bishop of St. Asaph to Burke, as the celebrated Jeremy Tay-

\* Delivered during Lent at the parish church of St. James's Piccadilly.

lor, from the fertility of his boundless imagination, obtained the name of the Shakspeare of Divinity,— I know the worst that can be said of me in a certain set — that I am ~~growing~~ serious — a Methodist — one of the Saints. — Serious enough I am, when I reflect, God knows — A Methodist I have too much good taste ever to become — and that I am still but too far from being a saint, I hope you will readily acknowledge, when I assure you, I am still my dear Lesbina's unalterably attached

“ E. ARLINGTON.”

“ Let her stay at Clevelands — I shall have Sir Alured the more to myself,” was the remark of this tender friend, as soon as she had finished Ellen’s communication. Though very well satisfied with the attention she received from Vere, it was necessary to detach him from Leonora before she could make him wholly hers ; and this was Lady

Valmorden's present aim. She had sought him out of vanity, but remained attached to him from preference. It was impossible long to be acquainted with Alured, and not, to experience this gradation of sentiment. So the Sicilian wanderer could be brought to declare a value for her, Lady Valmorden's fair hand, and her five thousand a year, were at his disposal. Her ladyship began the attack, as she thought, skilfully. After praising the superior attractions of Weymouth compared with Southampton, she added, with apparent carelessness, “When I was last at that place, there was a prodigiously “Ugly Beauty” (as some one said) in vogue; a tall, insipid Miss with large eyes — a Miss — Miss Something — Oh, I think the name was Montresor.”

Possessing much of the *morgue* peculiar to high blood, Vere could not forbear internally smiling at the insulting emphasis with which this lady, whom

marriage alone had ennobled, pronounced the appellation Miss, when prefixed to one of the oldest and most respectable names in England.

“Yes, it is Montresor,” he drily replied, “the loveliest woman at Southampton, and my cousin.”

“True; I had forgot she was related to you, Sir Alured. She had so little of the *air distingué*, that — You were given to her also as an admirer, I understand; but Sir Alured Vere could never have become the slave of such an unintellectual “*unidea'd*” woman.”

“Your ladyship is much mistaken in her character,” resumed Alured, colouring.

“That may be,” interrupted Lady Valmorden, “yet I was a whole evening in her company, without hearing her utter a single brilliant sally: on the contrary, she was pale, pensive, and insipid.—The high colour she used to get from the sharp breezes on the platform vanished in a room, and left her absolutely *fade*.—

I did not think her even pretty; and as for her mind —”

“ And yet I assure you,” continued Vere, more softened by this representation than by any thing Lady Valmorden could have uttered, “ Leonora, without being a professed wit, has sense — has taste —”

“ *Has* sense — *has* taste,” exclaimed Lesbina, lifting up her hands and eyes in affected horror, and giving to her little saucy countenance an expression of the most cutting contempt; “ defend me from a woman of whom it is necessary to assert this.—I believe no one would think of seriously saying Lady Valmorden *has* sense !”

“ Perhaps not,” replied Alured, peevishly.

“ Where there is no ray of the diviner spark,” resumed the lively lady, “ I really should prefer an absolute fool to one of those barely “ sensible women.” There is something oriental, paradisiacal,

in the idea of a soulless, beautiful creature ; but as for your mere “ sensible woman,” she is such a matter-of-fact, insupportable —”

“ I see,” said Vere, with a forced smile, “ your ladyship and I have entered, as divines say, upon a mere dispute of words. You cannot mean seriously to deprecate the advantage of a quality you so eminently possess ; nor have I any interest in attempting to convince you of the merits of one whose style of excellence is so completely different.”

With these words he left her ; for he perceived Lady Valmorden had begun one of her rhodomontades of brilliant nonsense, which she employed whenever she wished to perplex the judgment, and dazzle and confound the understanding.

She had nearly ruined herself by this injudicious discussion. Disgusted by her ladyship’s arrogance and flippancy, melted by the description, unintentionally

given, of Leonora's soft desponding tenderness, Alured's whole soul rushed back, with the violent impulsion of remembered love, to her's. — He prepared to address her a letter breathing the overflowings of these sentiments, when the whole course of his feelings was changed, and all his pleasing visions annihilated, by the receipt of the following letter : —

“ I release you from all engagements. — Did you even wish to renew them, I would not consent. — Life is not worth consuming in the feverish alternations of hope and fear. No, Alured ; your conduct has shown me a truth, to which nothing but the love I once bore you could so long have blinded me, — that no attachment can be happy which is not sanctioned by ALL those to whom we owe duty and affection. — I feel no resentment against you for having been more clear-sighted to our real interests than I was. In resigning

me, you comply with the desires of Lord Trelawney, and all who wish you well.—You were only wrong in engaging yourself to me.—May your present more prudent choice be happier!—Where you wish to please, you must succeed—I only hope the lady you prefer may be equally capable of contributing to your felicity.

“ From one anxiety my mind is relieved—A report had reached me, on which it does not become one of my sex and age to dwell ; but the object of it had been once so dear to me ! I believed her to possess the mind as she had the form of an angel — That she should fall ! — Oh, Alured, suffer me to believe that Lady V—— is the *sole* object of your affection. I can bear with resignation the loss of your heart ; but I fear I could not endure to hear of your aberration from principle.

“ LEONORA.”

" She resigns me," exclaimed Alured, striking his forehead with vehemence ; " even if I were to return to my engagements, she would not accept the offer of my heart. — These are her words : perhaps at this moment she is meditating to bestow her own upon a worthier object. — But no ; I wrong her : yet well I know her dignified steadiness in persisting in a resolution once justly formed. — She shall *not* persist — I'll follow her— follow her through the world."

Far from being in a state to follow her through the world, Vere could now scarcely have followed her round the room. Of passions violent to excess, the extreme of mental agitation was followed by immediate bodily indisposition. Every object seemed to swim around him, his brain was on fire ; and, obliged to lie down on a couch, his appearance gave such alarm to his favourite attendant, Bailey, that, without asking any permission of his master, he instantly sent for the

best medical assistance that could be procured, and then, with the freedom allowed alone to servants that have been fellow soldiers too, imperiously commanded Sir Alured to be silent, and lie quiet till the physician should arrive.— Dr. M—— found his patient with every symptom of approaching fever. Alured raved of Leonora all night, and was some days in a situation of considerable danger. At length the bodily complaint was subdued, but it was only to leave his mind in a state of severe dejection. Yet still, as he read over Leonora's letter, he perceived, now he examined it more coolly, it was not such a one as utterly to deprive him of hope. In it there was far more of sorrow than of anger. A tender, struggling partiality breathed through many of the lines; particularly those in which poor Leonora, unconsciously, let it appear that she thought he must be irresistible, whether he made Lady Arlington or Lady Valmorden the object of his pursuit.

“ Where you wish to please, you must succeed.” Alured was reflecting with complacency on the innocent *naïveté* which dictated this expression, when Bailey brought in a letter from Lord Trelawney.—The news it contained was renovated life to the languishing invalid. His lordship was desirous of Alured’s company at Bath, where he should himself arrive for his health in a few days. He was to be attended by Leonora, whom he had carried off, he declared, from her fond and partial family.

“ I shall see her — I shall explain every thing.” Alured started from his couch, repeating, with animation, “ I shall see her — I shall plead for pardon. Leonora herself says, “ Where I wish to please, I must succeed,” he added, while a glow of gratified vanity restored the colour to his faded cheek ; and, with national and characteristic levity, he could now sport with the artless and innocent expressions of a letter whose

contents had, but a few days before, brought him to the brink of the grave. He dressed himself; ordered Bailey not to speak a word of illness or prudence; threw himself into his carriage; and, without deigning to give the slightest notice of his intentions to Lady Valmorden, was, in a few hours, on his way to Bath.

## CHAP. V.

I had prepared me many a stern rebuke,  
 Had arm'd my brow with frowns, and taught mine  
 eye  
 Th' averted glance of coldness, which might best  
 Suit such a loitering lover: but I find  
 'Twas a vain task; for this, my truant heart,  
 Forgets each lesson that resentment taught,  
 And in *thy* sight knows only — to be happy!

MASON's *Elfrida*.

INSTEAD of Lord Trelawney, Alured found a letter awaiting his arrival, accounting, from political reasons, for a short delay on his lordship's part; but saying he might expect him at Bath, with Leonora, from one day to another. The letter contained some commissions and directions to Alured sufficient to employ him for nearly a week to come. When his master's evident impatience

and vexation revealed this state of things to Bailey, he showed, on the contrary, great symptoms of satisfaction. Bailey was a reader of the newspapers, and very fond of occasionally making use of a fine word.

“ I must say, sir,” he observed, looking very significantly at Vere, and, according to custom, volunteering his opinion, “ I must say, my lord the General is perfectly judicial in these last regulations. — His lordship’s idears and mine entirely coalesce. — Had my opinion been asked, which it never was, I should have recommended your name being still on the sick list. Now your honour will have plenty of time to recover, for Bath is a famous place for that they say; and Miss Leonora herself cannot reasonably accuse *us* of *malingering*, as she must be aware that *our* movements wholly depend upon orders from head quarters.”

“ Fool, idiot, blockhead!” exclaimed Alured; “ how durst you presume to

bring Miss Montresor's name into your rhodomontades ;”—but, recollecting that this faithful attendant of his sickness and delirium must, unavoidably, be acquainted with many circumstances concealed even from friends in a higher rank of life, he checked this ebullition of passion, saying, “ You are an honest, worthy fellow, Bailey, and if you would but talk less —”

“ Talk, your honour,” interrupted Bailey, “ I believe nobody ever yet accused me of talking.—Did I ever talk about the Spanish girl, or Signora Squillace, or the piece of work at Palermo when General \*\*\*\*\* heard an illustrious lady praise you. No, nor ever would, though Miss Leonora should ask me to tell her all about it for a month of Sundays.—And as to mentioning Miss Leonora's name, it's a thing I make it a rule never to do, not even in conversation with your honour.”

A day or two after Alured's arrival,

he was surprised to find Lady Valmorden among the visitants at Bath. That she had followed him was pretty plain ; but he now cared too little for her, to feel hurt by the want of delicacy such conduct evinced. Neither did he affect to shun her society, which was certainly, to a despairing lover, a most admirable *chasse ennui* ; for her ladyship generally contrived, wherever she appeared, to collect around her a circle, consisting of all that was distinguished in the world of fashion or literature. Foiled in her hopes of having him for an adorer, Lady Valmorden was obliged, for the present, to be satisfied that, in a place so public as Bath, the brilliant Sir Alured Vere should glitter in her train. He had joined her one morning in the Pump-room, where her ladyship had already attracted a group of hearers, by the uncommon versatility and gaiety of her conversation. One gentleman observed, that no one knew how to give parties at once so se-

lect, and so agreeable, as Lady Valmorden's.

"In order to render them agreeable, I take care they should be select," her ladyship replied; "every one knows the conditions of admittance to my *Soirées*. The only passports are rank, talents, or fashion."

Just as the brilliant Lesbina concluded this sentence, with a sort of self-admiring *pirouette*, the way in which she sometimes betrayed the excess of mental complacency, a party, who, from their air and appearance, seemed to be people it was impossible Lady Valmorden *could know*, hustled up to her, and an elderly lady, with a flame-coloured face, exclaimed, taking hold of both her hands, "My dearest niece! well this *is* what one may call a pleasant meeting. How lucky it was we heard *as* you was at Bath!—Aye, well may you start! I dares to say my young folks be grow'd quite out of your remembrance.—This is your

cousin Bob, and that's your cousin Mary. Hang saramony between friends. — But you'd better introduce me to the gentleman you are with."

"Oh, mamma," interrupted Miss, "Sir Alured Vere has already introduced himself to me." —

Alured bowed with a little air of cold surprise.

"I mean by prescription, sir," the young lady resumed; "Ascription, Charlotte Dilkes says the word should be; but I say it ought to be prescription.—You don't know Charlotte Dilkes?—Well, I assure you Charlotte Dilkes knows you. For young Lecson, who is my beau, lends me all the new books from his father's circulating library at Hull, and Charlotte and I sit up half the night reading the Northern Galaxy, and the Epics of the *Tongs*, and all the "Winters," and "Summers," and "Springs," and the "Three Weeks," and "Six Weeks," and "Seasons," till we are as well ac-

quainted with what's doing in high life as the best of them. To be sure, its vastly improving reading—highly laughable, though sometimes a little indelicate." She now got round on the side where Alured stood, and familiarly taking his arm, exhibited to him, while her mother indulged in the transports of tender recognition with Lady Valmorden, a picture that could boast at least the charm of novelty—that of a vulgar Voluble.

Lady Valmorden appeared ready to sink with vexation. All her beaux had, one after another, slunk away, and left her to the mercy of her aunt Mrs. Davenport, the only-sister of her mother, who, two years after that lady's elopement with M. Versenai, had been reputably married and settled at Hull.

Lady Valmorden moved forward, but it was only the forced march of a deserter, pinioned between two ruthless keepers; for Mrs. Davenport flanked her on one side, and Master Bob on the

other. To put the finishing stroke to her sufferings, an insipid Bath beauty, who had, but half an hour before, experienced the vexation of seeing Lady Valmorden's wit draw off several admirers, had now rallied a circle of starred and titled beaux around her, who were evidently enjoying the scene, and amusing themselves and the beautiful Miss Pierpoint at the expense of the mortified peeress.

Mrs. Davenport began, "So you wouldn't ha' knowd me if I hadn't spoke.—Well that's so odd now!—I'd ha' know'd your little snub nose any where — the very morell of my poor sister Mary's. — Poor Mary! she had time enough to repent having married that Frenchman."

"La! mamma," interrupted the daughter, "I am sure my beautiful and unfortunate aunt was right to give her hand to the Marquis de Versenai."

"Oh, Mary, that's one of your whimsies," resumed the old lady, shaking her

head, “ You knows very well he was *no* Marquis, nor so much as an honest man.—They even say that in his own country —. Well, if that’s not the master of the sarahmonies, as sure as I’m alive.—And did you mind how he passed me, as if I was a “ *Postess;* ” yet my guinea is as good as another’s, I suppose.—I never *see* any thing so ill managed as your Bath assemblies. Our dances at Hull are pleasanter, without any *comparison*. Being troubled with the rheumatism, and aches and pains in all my joints, my young folks observed it was a good time for to take a little pleasure ; so I gets Mr. Davenport to let me go for a month to Bath with Bob and Mary—young things, wild for dancing—full of life and *animosity*—dresses in all of the best—bought at Miss Hobblyn’s shop — goes to the rooms — sees the man with the *medal* at his buttonhole — “ Do — you — wish — to — dance,” he drawls after an hour to poor

Mary.—“To be sure I do,” says Mary.—Off goes my spark after some crabbed countess or dowager duchess, and, for the rest of the night, we never once sets eyes on him.”

“ But what I'll never forgive him, mamma, the longest day I have to live,” said Miss Mary Davenport, and her eyes sparkled with remembered rage as she spoke, “ is the trick he served me last night. I saw with my own eyes a sweet, pretty, smart dashy officer — the man in the red coat with green and gold facings, you know, mamma — I saw him look at me and then whisper the master of the sarahmonies something which certainly was to introduce him. And, would you believe it, he had the assurance to tell the dear, dashy, handsome creeter, in my hearing, *as I was already engaged*, and led him up directly to an impertinent soss of a lard's dater, the honourable Miss Seraphina Scaredevil.”

“ Well, my dear, I'm sure if that was

a lard's dater, you couldn't set your eyes on an uglier, rawboneder, yellor thing. But next time we goes to the ball, I says we can be a nice comfortable family party, can't us, Lesby?"

"Very happy to dance with your ladyship," said Bob, with a sheepish sidelong bow.

Lady Valmorden laughed and shuddered. Mrs. Davenport resumed, "Then there was them young ladies in mourning, with the black *omelettes* about their necks ——"

"Amulets, mother," said Bob; "omelettes are much better things: and that puts me in mind that a little nice bit of hot supper after a dance, with white ale and buttered eggs, is twice better than ——"

"Oh fy, Bob!" interrupted his sister; "I do hate for to see a young man so *uxorious* — tea is quite the genteel thing. But, Sir Alured, I wanted to talk to you about your poems: to be sure

there's nothing on earth half so *moveable* — Charlotte Dilkes and I cried our eyes out reading the last “*To Luna* ;” and we can pretty well guess who Laura is — the famous Lady *Harlington*, an’t it. To be sure she’s a conceited thing, that Lady Harlington.— You must know Charlotte Dilkes had a great *curosity* to see her, so she writes me from Clevelands. — Stay, I believe I’ve the letter in my pocket. — You must know Charlotte Dilkes has been now a week at the village of Clevelands, on a visit to the great Mrs. Flinders. — You don’t know Mrs. Flinders—good me ! I thought every one knew the great Mrs. Flinders,—a cousin of Charlotte Dilkes’s. — And Lady Harlington bows to her at church. — Well, last Sunday Lady Harlington was at Hazlebrook church — though they do say it’s with that lady “*The nearer the church —*” You remember the rest, Sir Alured. — I hope you’ll excuseze me, you must know I set up for a wit ;” and

here Miss Mary laughed loud. “ However, Charlotte Dilkes says she was dressed most elegantly to be sure — not grand though — all white, but such elegant things on her.— Well, after the service was over, she makes a sort of a little courtesy to Mrs. Flinders. Charlotte Dilkes took the opportunity to courtesy to her ladyship too. — Upon that she opens her large eyes — Charlotte Dilkes says Lady Harlington has very large dark eyes—and stares, as who should say “ stand off, keep your distance, my good girl.”—“ Bless us all !” says Charlotte Dilkes, “ is that your sort, my lofty lady — I suppose a cat may look at a king—” and ever since that blessed day, would you believe it, though Charlotte Dilkes is always so civil as to make it a point to bow to her ladyship, which is the kinder as Charlotte Dilkes is none of her acquaintance, Lady Harlington continues to open her large dark eyes,

and to stare at poor Charlotte as if she were a *Ghostess*."

Sir Alured had endured the "Postess," and many similar liberties with the language ; but his intrepidity appeared unequal to encountering the "Ghostess," for he gently loosed his arm from Miss Davenport's, who now, in despair, addressed herself to Lady Valmorden, while a quizzing baronet of her ladyship's acquaintance, as if on purpose to increase her perplexity, detached himself from the brilliant group that surrounded Miss Pierpoint, and, with an air of well-feigned humility, said, in a loud whisper, " I must supplicate you, Lady Valmorden, to present me to that lovely young creature. She has, I understand, the honour of being nearly related to you ; and I do discover between you a certain *Air de famille*, as your ladyship would express it, that ——"

" Miss Davenport — Sir Charles Clinton," said Lady Valmorden, hardly know-

ing what she uttered, but eager, at all events, to put an end to this most disagreeable comparison.—“Lord,” whispered Miss Mary, jumping, “is it a real baronet, cousin?” Lady Valnorden turned from her in evident vexation; and Alured, willing to give her a chance of escape, said, “I think your ladyship mentioned an intention of visiting the Panorama to-day—if so——”

“Pray, sir,” interrupted Miss Davenport, with a little lisp, which was always more perceptible when any thing ruffled her temper, “pray, Sir Alured Vere, allow me time to speak to my *Cousin*.” She laid a marked emphasis upon the last word. “A pity if relations so long parted might not speak to one another, forsooth, without being stopt and dictated to, by strangers.”

Alured had no farther inclination to dispute the point with her. His attention was fully taken up with an object of a different kind. The apparition of the

beautiful Leonora, more dazzling, more soul-bewitchingly lovely than ever. As she led the venerable Lord Trelawney up the room, a general murmur of admiration succeeded to the usual buzz of politics and scandal. The very musicians leant, for a moment, upon their instruments, to gaze on her ; and Sir Charles Clinton, forgetting the very violent desire he had expressed but a few minutes before for Miss Davenport's acquaintance, *as* suddenly detached himself from her side in order to obtain a nearer view of this newly arrived divinity.

Notwithstanding all his natural and acquired assurance, the trembling awe with which Alured approached the part of the room where Leonora stood, too plainly showed the empire she still retained over his heart. Leonora received him with that mild complacency she knew well how to assume, even towards those with whom she felt the most indignant. He could augur nothing from

it. He perceived that she observed his having just quitted the well known Lady Valmorden. Could any circumstance be more unlucky! — Lord Trelawney, having taken his glass of water, immediately crossed out of the room. He disliked attracting the gaze of numbers ; and was well acquainted with that indulgence of curiosity, practised particularly by the females of that public place, and known by the characteristic appellation of the “ Bath stare.”

Many were the whispers of regret at the sudden disappearance of the beautiful vision that attended him. Vere accompanied Lord Trelawney home. The earl had been seized with one of his fits of impatience, which were now, in consequence of increasing infirmities, of rather more frequent recurrence ; had left his secretaries in amazement, and his business unfinished in London ; and hurried off to Bath with Leonora before it was possible to give Alured further notice of his intention.

A select party was engaged to dine with him that day. Alured was seldom able to speak to Leonora ; but, the following morning, he called at the Crescent at an hour when he felt a foreboding he should find her alone. He was not deceived : conscious of the importance of these moments to him, he entered immediately on the subject next his heart ; describing, with his wonted impassioned energy, the anguish into which her cruel letter had thrown him. He vehemently disclaimed a thought of change ; painted the sufferings both of body and mind that he had since endured, and besought that they might expiate any venial transgressions into which he had been hurried by the vividness of his imagination, but never by the fickleness of his heart.

Leonora heard him with emotion ; for she knew that falsehood and exaggeration were strangers to the character of Vere. “ Spare me any further discus-

sions, my dear friend ;” she at length replied : “ indeed it is as much for your sake as my own, that —”

“ For *my* sake!—Oh, Leonora, do not wilfully mistake my character. Sweet innocence! you know not the snares with which a disposition like mine is surrounded.—Nothing will, nothing *can* secure me from misery, but your presence, your monitions and affection.—What is the imaginary necessity of our each contracting a splendid alliance? What has it yet produced, but mutual constraint and mutual wretchedness?”—

Leonora’s fine eyes filled with tears. She blushed, hesitated, and, though unable to speak, betrayed as clearly by her manner, that her thoughts and feelings coincided with his. It was impossible for a man like Alured, ever wholly to lose the ascendancy of mind as well as heart which he possessed over the female whose affections he had once engaged. He perceived his advantage, and deter-

mined to pursue it. His situation and prospects were much changed since he had, on first confessing his renewed attachment, with generous disinterestedness disclaimed the wish for a return. Should Lord Marston die childless, Vere was now, by the death of Ernest Montresor, heir presumptive to the earldom of Trelawney : he therefore felt less scruple in urging Leonora to blend their interests in one. Influenced by these reflections, he continued, “ Restore me to myself, Leonora, by making me your own. Deign to be just — for is it not justice to return an affection so ardent that it endangers life ? I see you feel as I do — yield to the generous impulse. — Let me not urge in vain, but — ”

A slight bustle at the door alarmed Leonora. It preceded the entrance of Lord Trelawney. At that instant, Vere certainly did not regret that his venerable relative was blind. He addressed his lordship with all the cordiality he

could assume ; and, after running over in his head the most plausible reasons for an early visit, fixed upon the approaching dissolution of parliament, and his desire to have some conversation with the earl upon the subject.

“ Retire, Leonora,” said Lord Trellawney, sternly ; and then, as if ruffled by some disagreeable recollection, continued, “ You are right to be anxious about it. That borough, for which I had you returned without opposition, will not continue our’s without a pretty severe contest. A new man is to be set up, I hear — a Mr. Middleton, or some such name ; and if you don’t go down immediately, and look a little nearer into the state of parties at \* \* \*, you may have but a mortifying account of your constituents by the time you present yourself again.” —

“ Time enough, time enough, my dear lord,” said Alured, his spirits elated by his morning’s success. “ They are honest

fellows, and would never throw off their allegiance to your lordship."

" But I say it is *not* time enough," replied Lord Trelawney, his accent heightened into something of acrimony by the unwonted freedom of Alured's expressions.— " Middleton's friends (for he is, himself, a man of straw) have already begun their machinations ; and the question is, whether nobility and long services are allowed to have any weight in the country, or whether a parcel of upstarts —"

" Well, I'll be off," resumed Alured ; " but surely it need not be immediately."

" The sooner the better, — Mr. Denham, my agent, writes me word —"

" Curse Mr. Denham," (aside.) " My lord, I'm all obedience."

" One word more, Alured — I hear you are paying your addresses to a very rich and amiable young widow. I give

you joy, my dear fellow, with all my heart ; and if Lady Valmorden — ”

“ My lord, I assure you — my lord, I beg ” — Alured was so overwhelmed with this sudden stroke, he found it impossible immediately to frame an intelligible answer — “ I entreat your lordship will do me the favour, in my absence, to contradict so vile a report.”

“ So vile a report ! what are you dreaming of, Alured ? A report sanctioned, I understand, by your attentions to the lady both at Weymouth and at this place. — Consider well what you are about. — I hope you do not meditate any thing dishonourable. — But I don’t know what to make of you this morning ; you seem equally indifferent to the interests of your ambition or your love.”

“ Why this is insufferable,” cried Lady Valmorden, when she heard of Vere’s abrupt departure. “ That blind old tyrant rules his family with a rod of iron. But at least Sir Alured has left his little

*Princesse Lionette* to wear the willow — that's some comfort. Pray, Mills," (turning to her woman, who was dressing her,) " do you know was there any truth in the story of that precious beauty's having been accustomed to lead a tame lion about? — It's some political business, I'll venture to say, that has hurried him from us," continued her ladyship, returning to her first reflections. " Lady Hauton said something about a general election ; in that case, I may still be of use to him. — Courage, Lesbina ! all yet may be well."

## CHAP. VI.

Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,  
 In kindness warm, and firm in danger known,  
 Rough Nature's children, humorous as she.

SCOTT.

TIME passed on, and proved, in its progress, that Lord Trelawney was not wrong in telling Vere to expect a smart contest for the borough of \* \* \*. Even ladies distinguished themselves by the zeal with which they espoused the cause of the respective candidates.

“ Whose be that fine carriage, with the load of purple ribbons on the horses ? ” said a vulgar looking man to a woman who was leaning over a half shop door.

“ Why that be Lady Valmorden’s — she that’s to be married to Sir Alured Vere. Ad ! how she do canvass for *he* ! And that ’ere other fine landau, with

the horses in pink and blue ribbons, is Lady Anne Middleton's, who has married a brother of this newfangled spark they wants us to put up with."

" And which gets the most *wotes*, do you guess?"

" Why, for the matter o' that, I believe, o' my conscience, 'tis six o' one and half-a-dozen o' tother ; but fine ladies mid employ 'emselves in a better guess fashion, to my mind, than dancing with graziers and coaxing the butchers for a *wote*."

" I am not satisfied with the way we get on," said Lady Valmorden. " If the whole population of the borough consisted of the tradesmen's wives and their pretty daughters, we should walk over the course ; but with honest John Bull it is different."

Lady Valmorden had many connections in the county where this contested borough stood. Her late lord possessed considerable estates in it. From the mo-

ment she thought she could be of service to Sir Alured Vere, her ladyship, heedless of the comments of the world, had hastened down to \* \* \*, accompanied only by her faithful shadow, and humble companion, Miss Freemantle. A visit to a Mr. Gatton's family was the ostensible pretext. When arrived, she spared neither time, expense, trouble, nor influence, when the object in view was to forward the interests of the house of Trelawney; and when Vere came forward as a candidate, however vexed at her interference, he could not help feeling some degree of gratitude for the warm interest and lively zeal she had displayed.

“ I'll tell you what,” said Giles Grainsborough, of the Green Dragon, to his wife and daughters, “ you are all fools, d'ye see. Sir Alured's a fine speechifier, to be sure, but Mr. Middleton's the man for my money — the man that will take

care of the nation, while that 'ere young sprig of nobility — ”

“ To be sure, papa,” interrupted one of the young ladies, “ Mr. Middleton may be most for the good of the nation, but Sir Alured has such a winning way with him! — And I wish, pa’, you hadn’t been so cross ; for there’s Sir Alured has gone and ordered a ball at the White Hart, and he might just as well ha’ gone and ordered it at the Green Dragon, and I shouldn’t have had Suky Simms triumphing over me, I shouldn’t.”

Forth went Miss Grainsborough, to countenance, at least, by her presence, the prohibited candidate, and to add one to the number of “ lovely, elegant, and well-dressed females,” who always greeted, with cheering smiles and waving handkerchiefs, the speeches of the captivating Sir Alured Vere. — What chance had Mr. Middleton against him in such an assembly ? — he was turned of fifty, and wore a black scratch ! — Those who

knew him best, were astonished with what facility the refined, the rather fastidious taste of Sir Alured could accommodate itself, at this period of *Saturnalia*, to the coarse demands of the many, and with humour, and *good* humour, unexhausted and untired, keep them listening delighted, and send them satisfied away.

In this versatility, more than in any other quality, they recognised the distinguishing characteristic of Trelawney, and saw all that nobleman's best qualities revived in the gay, the accomplished, the elegant Vere.

At the close of an address from the hustings, that had been greeted with unanimous applause, a loud female voice was distinguished among the crowd, exclaiming, with a strong Irish accent, “Och! blessings on your lovely countenance! — Green Erin for ever! — That’s the boy will be coaxing the votes out of your mouths, and the hearts out of your bosoms, and he my own son!”

At this unexpected climax, a murmur of astonishment ran through the crowd, and the most ridiculous election calumnies began to be circulated by the adverse party, when the woman who had spoken advanced, and throwing her arms around Alured, who had come down from the hustings, continued,—  
“ Oh, and he’s not the boy to be denying that I was the mother who nursed him, when his own mother lay sick of the *favor*, and that I’ve walked all the way from Belfast, to have one look at his sweet face before I’ll be under the sod.”

“ Who, *I* deny you, Mary ! my old nurse, Mary Malone,” exclaimed Alured, warmly returning her embrace : “ never while I have life to support you, and bid you welcome, my kind friend, to old England.”

All eyes were now turned upon the first speaker. She was a frantic looking female, of about fifty years of age, with

grey streaming hair, and scarcely an article of clothes that was not in tatters ; but to compensate for that neglect, her person was most profusely adorned with purple ribbons, the symbol of the adherents to the family of Trelawney. — This incident, of which his opponents at first thought to make an unfavourable use, was of the most advantageous consequence to Alured. His graceful and frank admission of the singular privileges of fosterage, did away the opinion before industriously circulated, of his aristocratic haughtiness, and want of popular feeling. “ Long life to him ! ” and “ Vere for ever ! ” resounded on all sides. —

“ Vere,” said a butcher, as he quitted the hustings, “ I thought you were a quality dandy, and had determined not to give you my vote ; but I find you are an honest fellow, Vere, and I take you into favour.”

Mean time, Mary Malone had not lost sight of her darling. “ Won’t I be after following you home, dear,” she whispered,

" and won't I bring your foster-brother Jemmy, and Biddy, my *other* dater, to see you. A fine clever fellow Jemmy is, though I say it, jist sich another looking one as yourself, darling dear, only jist he hasn't such a noble air wid him like. — Och, an' it's yourself that's the *rale* jantleman!"

At this moment Lady Valmorden passed by in her landau ; she stopped it, and leant over, in a confidential whisper, to Vere. Her ladyship was *looking* her very best, and was really animated with the success she communicated. —

" Och, and it's yourself that is the *rale* jantleman," pursued Mary, resuming her speech with an amendment ; " and may the beautiful angel you are talking to make you the happiest of happy *couples* ; and may you and your childer flourish and reign over me and mine for ever and ever, Amen !"

At this unexpected apostrophe Alured coloured, and bit his lip with vexation :

but Lady Valmorden, graciously turning to the prophetess, addressed her with such affability as quickly to obtain from Mary a brief exposition of the present state of her affairs.

“ Plase your ladyship’s ladyship, I’m the natest woman in all Belfast, as your ladyship may see; and if I’m a little tattered and torn, it’s not my fault, but the length of the roads, bad luck to them ! And when I came here I’d six tinpennies left in my pocket to tighten myself a little; but I preferred spinding it all in purple cockades to the honour and glory of the family, and my dater Biddy the same. A handygirl is Bid, should your ladyship be in want of a maid. Sorrow a better in the whole county for churning ; and as to her needle, she’s a remarkable nate hand at a rubber !”

Lady Valmorden, who was an accurate observer of character, could not forbear smiling at the untaught address with which Mary contrived to insinuate into

her first application every topic of advantage to her cause ;—flattery, expressions of attachment, details of past grievances, and expectations of future patronage.

In private with Vere, Mary Malone was much more fluent on the subject of her misfortunes.—“ Och ! and it’s nathing but trouble, master Alured dear, that I have known since I parted from your mother’s sweet face of blessed memory. And first it was my poor Jim—Jim must be falling in love. I dare say you remember Rose O’Carolan—as pretty a girl—— Well, if you don’t remember her, it makes no odds to my story. And she liked Jim, for who could miss liking him? a handsomer, good-natureder young fellow—— But that’s not coming to the point neither, as you shall see.—Well, the grandmother, who had the care of Rosy, having buried her father and mother, wouldn’t hear of Jim, becaase why, an ould farmer with a big fortune had taken a fancy to Rose, and

she wanted it to be a match. Well, the ould one married Rose to the big farmer, and Rose never taught of Jemmy no more,— she knew her duty better — but, however, she pined and pined, and starved and starved ; for the farmer turned out to be a big neger\*, and he half starved her, and some says he beat her ; and then poor Rose said she couldn't live with such a neger no longer, and she went back to her ould grandmother by the side of the hill.”

“ And what was Jemmy doing all this time ?” asked Alured.

“ About that time my Jemmy went to be shepherd to that same farmer : and the farmer had a great many sheeps. Now Jemmy saw poor Rose perished for want of feeding like ; for the grandmother was a poor ould widow like myself, full of trouble, and with very little to live on : so Jemmy couldn't see Rosy want — and what does he do, but one

\* Niggard,

fine pitch-dark night he puts one of his master's sheep upon his shoulders, and away wid him to the cottage. And how would he help it? It might be against law, but sure it was no harm,—and she the man's wife."

Before Alured could decide this knotty question between principle and feeling, Mary Malone proceeded —

" Just as he was getting over the last stile lading to Rose's cottage, who should he see but his master, with a dark lanthorn, the teef of the world! returning late from the fair. " Oh, are you at that work?" says he, and lays hould of my poor boy; " I'll make you swing for this, Mr. Sheep-stealer." — " I'm no sheep-stealer, as you may see," says Jemmy, and the sheep swinging about his neck, " barring, indeed, you'd call it stealing to take a sheep from your fold for your own poor wife, that's dying up at the cottage." And with that word Jemmy could say no more, as he tould

me after ; for his heart was full when he taught of the *differ* if *he* had been her husband.”

“ And how did he get off ? ” said Vere.

“ Stay, darling, till I’m after telling you. He didn’t get off at all ; that is to say he did, thanks to Mr. Counsellor W—, and long life to him for that same. When he heard his case, the Counsellor took pity on him, and told Jemmy he’d engage to bring him through, but that for the world he must not plade guilty to stealing the sheep. “ And why would I be after telling a lie, and making bad worse,” says Jemmy, “ when the short and the long of the matter is, I *did* steal the sheep ; but, God knows, it was not for the lucre of gain.” The Counsellor persisted that Jemmy must plade “ not guilty,” or he could do nathing for him, though he *was* guilty, sure enough : — by which you see, dear, that what is law is not always *sinse*. Jim was not to be persuaded, but said the same at last as

at first : “ The truth of the matter is, I *did* steal the sheep ; but it was for my master’s own poor wife, who was starving alive in the cottage up there, while he was wallowing in money.” Well, dear, some way or other, at last Mr. Counsellor W—— was prevailing wid him, and Jemmy pladed “ not guilty,” and was ricomminded to marcy, or else he’d ha’ been hanged by the nick for all the Counsellor could say, which might be law, but I’m sure it was very hard.— And soon after that Rose died.

“ Jemmy never settled like to any thing after ; for he had lost his place and his character. And every thing went to ruin in my little place. And when the quarter came round, they *driv* my pig for rint, and our horse and cart that *was* quietly grazing in the field. My beautiful pig ! the pretiest, loveliest, *iligantest* little pig, that I was fattening up for the market.— But Jim was twice madder about the horse and cart. “ Keep a good

heart, Jemmy, man," says I; " isn't there your own brother, Sir Alured, that's a great man, and a member of parliament, and hand and glove with all the ministry. Sure we'll go over and put him in mind of the relationship; and if he'll just spake a good word for you to the great Earl of Trelawney, (long life to him!) he'll get you a nice little place under government as *asy* as walk across the room."

Alured admired the dexterity, worthy of a female politician of old France, with which Mary had begun with professions of devoted attachment to the family, proceeded with a story intended to interest his feelings, and concluded by a statement of her wishes and expectations. Having thus touched upon them, Mary returned to the subject of Alured and his connections.

" Oh, and it was myself always said that you would get on in the world — Such a spirit of your own! Do you remember, Sir Alured, dear, when they was disap-

pointed of the man that was to go up in the balloon wid — plague take his French name! — the crowd was all grumbling, and you stepped forward, and said you'd be the *other* man — how they cheered you! and to be sure you was a beautiful youth. Your poor mother, she turned as white as a sheet ; but nothing would stop you — when I said, “Arrah, master Alured, dear, will you go after this fashion disobeying your own mother, and \*flying in the face of Heaven?” And you, looking so beautiful, half vexed and half smiling, said, “Mary, your wit has prevailed : Mother, I will not go against your wishes.” — Oh, you was always a lively darling, from a babby ; never *quiet*, but when you was *in perpetual motion*! — The only way to plase you, was to hold something very glittering before your eyes, and then —”

“ Well, Mary,” interrupted Alured,

\* This expression was really used by an old Irishwoman on seeing a celebrated aéronaut.

half laughing, “ I assure you I have very much lost my taste for glittering things, but not my regard for my old friends ; and I’ll see what can be done for yourself and my fosterbrother.”

Beaming on her a smile that would have cheered the most withered heart, the young patron then quitted his aged client, to dress for his evening’s engagement.

## CHAP. VII.

But busy, busy still art thou  
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 To join the gentle to the rude.

THOMSON.

ALURED spent the evening at Mr. Denham's, the agent of Lord Trelawney. A large party was assembled. Lady Valmorden shone the most conspicuous figure, as usual. As he entered, her ladyship was caressing a little black dog of singular ugliness, which she called upon Sir Alured to pronounce the most beautiful creature of its kind he ever had seen. He was never less in humour for compliments, and replied very drily, " You may call it beautiful, if you will ; but, in my opinion, it is the ugliest little beast, without exception, I ever beheld in my life."

“ Ungrateful!” exclaimed Lady Valmorden, still preserving her temper, “ ungrateful to the signal services of poor little Can.—Yes, I have *christened* him “ Canvass,” because through him I obtained three votes, when persuasion, flattery, every other argument failed.”

She then related her having seen it with a tradesman’s wife, whose husband had not determined on which side to give his vote and interest. It immediately struck her ladyship this little dog might be made a means of influencing his decision. Affecting to take a sudden and violent fancy to the dog, she requested it might be given to her, and offered any compensation that could be named for its loss. Ten guineas was the price modestly demanded for the cur; which being *given*, not *paid*, by Lady Valmorden, honest Crispin and his two sons immediately *sent in their adhesion* to the representative of the family of Trelawney.—The story, in itself, was nothing; but it

was told with infinite spirit and humour by Lady Valmorden. All the company at Mr. Denham's seemed actuated by one principle—zeal for the noble house of Trelawney, and resentment, strongly dashed with contempt, for any who aspired to obscure its lustre, or diminish its influence.

Vere was, sometimes, obliged to be an involuntary hearer of different sentiments.

"And so, sir," said a well-dressed man, who wore the colours of the opposite party, "and so, sir, as I was telling you, though he had known her many years abroad, yet he never bethought himself of falling in love with Lady Arlington, till she was the wife of an honest, worthy man, who might be made unhappy by his attentions in that quarter. Lady Valmorden succeeded her; for the woman who flatters him, will always be preferred to the woman he is obliged to flatter, by Sir Alured Vere.—Vanity is the master-spring of his character."

Vanity!—this sounded harshly to Alured. He had not the least objection to be accused of ambition—“ Ambition, though a vice, is the vice of great minds \* ;” but there was a littleness in vanity, which did not accord with his *theory* of noble sentiments. He resolved, for the future, to avoid all appearance of particularity towards Lady Valmorden.— Vain resolutions!—her ladyship was perpetually inventing opportunities in which he must either break them, or appear strikingly rude to her. He met her the ensuing day choosing ribbons in a shop, and she requested him to attend her to some others.

“ I am sorry it is not in my power,” replied Alured, gravely; “ I have an engagement to dine with Gatton the banker.”—

“ The Gattons—my friends!” exclaimed Lady Valmorden.—“ Now I think of it, I shall have no time for shop-

\* Nourjahad.

ping this morning ; I shall be late for their grand dinner, if I don't return home and dress immediately. If you please, I will set you down."

Lady Valmorden's landau drew up — Sir Alured could offer no excuse — Miss Freemantle seconded Lady Valmorden's motion, and away they drove.

As they approached Mr. Gatton's door, a crowd of Sir Alured Vere's partisans, being rather more noisy and tumultuously disposed than usual, surrounded the carriage with huzzas, and repeated acclamations of "Vere for ever!" — "Vere, and no Middleton!" — "Prosperity to the noble house of Trellawney!"

Lady Valmorden bowed, smiled, and, infinitely to Alured's confusion, appeared to partake the triumph. — Beneath Mr. Gatton's window it increased.

"Mrs. Montresor — all the Montresors, I protest," said Lady Valmorden, raising her glass : Alured's eyes followed the direction of her ladyship's.

He beheld — did not the sight blast him ! Leonora, the beauteous Leonora, with the purple symbol of her house glowing upon her breast of snow ; her face covered with blushes, from the vehement applauses her beauty excited ; and yet expressing a more pleasing emotion at the undisguised tokens of affection to her family that she beheld. Mrs. Montresor (a thing not very usual with her) was drest with taste ; and still looked, at window distance, extremely handsome. The acclamations redoubled, and seemed to be divided between Alured and Leonora. Perhaps, among the crowd, the two persons who were the objects of this applause were the only ones whose bosoms were torn with secret anguish and perturbation.

Vere had observed Leonora direct her eyes towards him, and turn pale ; she soon afterwards quitted the window. Cruelly hurt at this unlucky rencontre, Alured still hoped to be able to explain every thing in the course of the day at Mr.

Gatton's. He was received, by Mrs. Montresor, with her usual cordiality; but was much mortified by Leonora's non-appearance at dinner.—A message was dispatched after Miss Montresor. The answer was, that she was particularly engaged writing a letter, and begged she might be excused by Mrs. Gatton.

“ That is true,” said Mrs. Montresor, “ I know Leonora had something very particular to write to Miss Burrell.”

It appeared that Mrs. Montresor and Leonora were going on a visit to an old friend of the former lady's, Mrs. Burrell. The town of \* \* \* \* lay in their way, and they were well acquainted with Mrs. Gatton. The demon of curiosity (a demon who usually left her very quiet) seized Mrs. Montresor to see the “ humours of the election.” Arriving early that morning, she had yielded to her friend's solicitations to stay over the ball which was to be given on the morrow, and this was the history

of her own and her daughter-in-law's sudden appearance which had so much discomfited Sir Alured Vere.

As he was passing from the dining-parlour to the drawingroom to join the ladies, Alured's eye was caught by the repeated smiles and courtesies of a female, who was standing amidst a group of servants in the hall. So much improved was she in outward decorations, that he did not immediately recognise his old acquaintance, Molly Malone; but she soon took an opportunity of informing him of the advantageous change in her circumstances. — “ To be sure it was all that beautiful angel's doing, the busiest angel I ever *see* since Rose O'Carolan died. When I *had* as how some of your honour's relations was in town, I *taught* to myself I'd go for to pay my respects to the rest of the good family. So the handsome fat lady was very affable, and *give* me a guinea; but Miss sent and bought me an *iligant*

gown, and a petticoat, and this fine new shawl. — And, moreover, she *re-comminded* us to Mr. and Mrs. Gatton ; and what do you think ! Jemmy's to be child's maid, and Biddy's to be groom. — Poh ! I don't know what I'm saying.— Biddy's to be child's maid, and Jemmy's to be groom. — And a pretty birth for him, *waiting* for the place under government your honour *was so kind as to promise him*. And as to myself, when the family, that is to say Madam Montresor's family, is settled like again, I'm to be waiting-maid, — that is to say, I'm to do nathing particular, but jist to turn my hand to every thing, till they can find a *sitation* for me ; and while they are at Mrs. Burrell's, I am to remain at Mrs. Gatton's stuck up, doing *nathing*, as grand as you plase.”

There were some circumstances in this narrative very necessary to soothe Alured's spirits, after the day of suffering he had passed at the banker's. That

Leonora should feel, and, in consequence, induce her maternal friend to express, such an interest in the person who had fostered his infancy, betokened an affection and regard which he feared his late behaviour had very much shaken. He knew enough of the family to be assured Miss Montresor was the prime mover of all these changes. He would otherwise, from her conduct of that evening, have augured most fatally for their future happiness. She persisted in withdrawing herself from his observation, remaining shut up in her own room with the youngest of the Miss Gattions. The pretext was a hurrying consultation respecting the dresses for the election ball to be given by Sir Alured Vere the following night ; but nothing was farther from Leonora's thoughts than appearing at that ball.

“ I have written to Elizabeth Burrell, madam,” she said to Mrs. Montresor, “ that she might expect me on the 15th.”

"The 15th, my dear child! that's not allowing time for the ball, nor —"

"It is not my wish, ma'am, to stay for the ball, unless, indeed, you particularly desire it."

"Not I; but I thought, Leonora, it might afford you amusement."

"Amusement!" repeated Leonora, in a tone that thrilled even Mrs. Montresor; while the "busy meddling fiends" of jealousy represented, as in a glass, to her sickening imagination, Alured's attentions devoted the whole evening to the brilliant, the exulting Lady Valmorden; Alured hanging upon her eloquence, and repeating the sparklings of her wit.

The morning of the ball, he called upon the ladies at Mr. Gatton's, and heard, with dismay, Mrs. and Miss Montresor's intention of setting out for Stanville Park (the residence of Mrs. Burrell) in two hours. Arguments, entreaties were alike in vain. When Mrs. Montresor seemed inclined to yield,

Leonora continued inflexible ; and, though he saw the ladies to their carriage, her head was turned from him at the last moment, and she addressed to others all her adieus. How sickening, then, appeared the painful duties of the evening ! — how wearisome the assumed popularity with which he must mingle among groups that surpassed a masquerade for ludicrous incongruity ! — Delighted with this triumph over Leonora, (for in that point of view she thought proper to consider her secession,) Lady Valmorden was overpoweringly brilliant and voluble, and Alured wondered he could ever have thought her agreeable.

“ Positively, I cannot dance any more with you, Sir Alured, to-night,” she said ; “ I am engaged three deep—to a fuller, a shoemaker, and a chandler. — By the bye, I believe he furnished these lights. I shall take an opportunity of mentioning to my partner that they flare most abominably.”

While Alured was kept, by a combination of causes, in a most uncommon fermentation of temper, a circumstance occurred that put what little remaining coolness he possessed to the severest proof. He had just danced down with his blooming partner Miss Buckram, who was rather more delighted with the honour of engrossing Sir Alured's attentions than he was with her's, when, as he was leading her to a supper-table, the attention of every one was turned upon a man with the air and dress of a gentleman, but whose language and manners disgraced that character. He approached the same table, and seated himself, with an air of determined fierceness, opposite to Sir Alured Vere. He was immediately recognised for a staunch partisan of Mr. Middleton's; and the question ran round the assembly how he had gained admission. The gentleman soon took an opportunity to propose a toast. It was, "Freedom of election, and

confusion to the tyrannical house of Trelawney."

" Do you mean, sir, that should be a general toast," asked Alured, turning to the intruder with a look and tone of bitter irony.

" I am sure, sir," returned the stranger, who seemed to have worked himself up to an uncommon pitch of insolence, " it is a toast that will be drank with pleasure by every honest man : but I have no reason to think *that* will make it a general one in this assembly."

" If such is your opinion," retorted Vere, " I, as the only representative present of the house of Trelawney, must, in the first place, ask leave to dissent from your toast ; and, in the next, to bid any man, at his peril, express himself disrespectfully of the Earl of Trelawney, or any branch of his family, in my hearing."

Lady Valmorden was watching the exact moment to interpose a fainting

fit; and, really, as she looked at her “lovely hero,” each blooming feature, kindled into the expression of “beautiful scorn,” and haughty defiance, felt part of the alarm she feigned. — The stranger, who had evidently confused his intellects before he sallied forth on this notable exploit, only replied with additional insolence. — Lady Valmorden, casting an imploring glance on the Sheriff of the county, exclaimed, “Oh, I shall faint!” The Sheriff of the county did not hear her. — She turned to Mr. Gatton for sympathy. Mr. Gatton was employed in watching Sir Alured and the stranger. — “Miss Freemantle, Miss Gatton!” exclaimed Lady Valmorden, vehemently, “have none of you any presence of mind — any pity. — Plead, plead with him — tell him that Lady Valmorden — that *his own Lesbina* adjures him not to expose his life against a wretch — not to — Oh, I have said too much;” and, with well-dissembled con-

fusion, she hid her face with her hands, and was borne from the supper-table by the sympathising Miss Freemantle.— The effect of this *Coup de Théâtre* was such as her ladyship had foreseen — all eyes were turned upon Vere as the betrothed husband of Lady Valmorden ; and murmured whispers of their approaching union were sent along the line of ladies, mingled with compassionate exclamations upon her ladyship's “ charming sensibility.”

Half distracted with resentment and vexation, Alured felt his features all suffused with a crimson glow, and, thus goaded on by a thousand mingled motives, he was going to make some reply to Mr. Hanbury that must have brought matters to an instant extremity, when, by the timely interference of some judicious and temperate persons, the infatuated wretch was persuaded to quit the room.

Observing the universal attention their quarrel had excited, Vere was reconciled

to the necessity of letting the matter drop for the moment ; but determined, on the morrow, to demand from the aggressor a most ample apology, or to exact from him the severest satisfaction for his insulting behaviour of that night.

Restored to his senses, and exposed to the reproaches even of his friends for his late unwarrantable conduct, Mr. Hanbury was well satisfied to take the former course : but reports were, as usual, divided as to the issue of the quarrel, and it was pretty generally circulated, the following morning, that Sir Alured Vere and Mr. Hanbury had fought.

Lady Valmorden was among those who believed, or affected to believe, this rumour.

“ Sir, sir,” said Bailey, running up to his master with a face of consternation, “ what am I to do with them people below ? ”

“ With what people, you blockhead ; am I never to have a moment to myself ? ”

“ It’s like not, sir, while we continue such favourites with the ladies.— There’s Lady Valmorden below stairs in the grand hysterics, and the *company-keeper*, Miss Freemantle, in a little fit of hysterics ; and the mad Irishwoman that came after your honour howling, and a whole basket of puppies barking, and at their heels a *posse commitatus* —”

“ This is too persecuting ; what is the meaning of all this ? ” exclaimed Vere, abruptly rising.

“ Why, sir, that’s precisely what I said,” replied Bailey, “ just in that tone, and looking exactly like your honour.— What’s the meaning of all this, Mistress Molly Malone, says I : Are we never to have a moment to ourselves ? I wonder what Lady Valmorden means by following *us* about in this manner — she has quite lost *my* good opinion by it.”

What Lady Valmorden *meant* was to give the greatest publicity possible to

her attachment to Sir Alured Vere ; thus engaging him, by the chains of honour, to fulfil the expectations he would be universally supposed to have raised.— She had contrived to impress every individual at Mr. Gatton's with the belief that Alured's life had, that morning, been endangered ; and then, regardless of forms, wandered down, as she said, to ascertain his situation ; for that suspense kept her mind in a state of agony.

On going down, Alured found that Bailey had not exaggerated. Besides the distracted females that filled the parlour, a number of the lower order of partisans of Lord Trelawney had surrounded the house, giving the most clamorous testimonies of solicitude for the safety of Sir Alured Vere, and requiring him to appear at the windows, that they might be assured he was unhurt. Having complied with their requisition, and submitted to a congratulatory hug, and a

torrent of rejoicings and reproaches from Mary Malone, Alured next applied himself to calming the more delicately expressed apprehensions of Lady Valmorden. The boldness of her latter conduct had utterly disgusted him ; and he felt the more displeased, as he greatly suspected this apparently unguarded behaviour was the result of a refinement of artifice. To repress her hopes, he found it absolutely necessary to check the gallantry of his usual manner towards the sex ; and assuming, for a moment, a little of the character furthest removed from his own, that of a coxcomb, “ I wish, Lady Valmorden,” he said, approaching her, and speaking in an under tone, “ you would keep a little more guard over your feelings, for your own sake as well as mine.”

Lady Valmorden looked up, with a contrite yet impassioned air ; but found no consolation in his glance, “ so lovely,

stern, and coy.” \* Mean time, Molly Malone, who, during this brief interval, had been making divers courtesies and ludicrous gesticulations, indicative of her great desire to attract the attention of Sir Alured, pushed forward into the middle of the circle, and, presenting the basket mentioned by Bailey, began, “ Plase your honour, dear, I hard talk among the sarvants and Mr. *Dinham*’s sarvants, how you got *tree* votes, and how it was all long of a little dog of Lady Valmorden’s, and as how the little dog for that same was christened *Canvass*. — So, I thinks to myself, if that’s all, I’ll get some votes too for my darling, if I can either beg, borrow, or steal a little dog for the purpose. So what does I do, but I whips off to Mistress Murphy, a genteel woman, a countrywoman of my own, who lives at the corner up street, and takes in wash-ing. I was sure she would oblige me,

\* Spenser.

and sure enough she let me have a whole litter of puppies she was going to give away. And here they are, five little black puppies — fifteen votes plump for you, jewel," concluded Mary, counting, with a calculating air, upon her fingers.

his most curious conclusion from erroneous premises, Lady Valmorden burst into an immoderate fit of laughing; and, passing in an instant to the extreme of levity from that of sentimental despondency, the party separated in apparent good-humour. Vere was determined that her ladyship, however wilfully blind, should understand him: an opportunity occurred a few days afterwards to make her more fully comprehend his sentiments. Passing through one of the crowded streets in the town of \* \* \* \*, Alured saw that a carriage, with some ladies in it, was stopt by a party-coloured mob, bearing the pink and blue badges of Mr. Middleton. — The coachman was trying in vain to

whip his way through the crowd — the street was impassable. At this moment, Vere came up, and recognised Lady Valmorden, her delicate white hand in the very act of giving a thundering box on the ear to a greasy-looking man, whose arms a-kimbo, and broad insolent face, spoke menace and defiance. — At sight of Sir Alured, Lady Valmorden started, and Miss Freemantle screamed — such a scream! — It seemed the echo of that with which Alured's ears had been annoyed on awakening in the morning. As usual, Lady Valmorden endeavoured to laugh off her confusion. “ Such a brute!” she exclaimed — “ so insolent to my people! But that was nothing — what provoked me to the little *boutade*, which I fear even the freedom of an election will hardly excuse in your eyes, was the manner in which he spoke of you, Sir Alured.”

“ Yes, Sir Alured, her ladyship was so shocked at his insolence about you,” reiterated Miss Freemantle.

"I beg, Lady Valmorden," said Vere, with a look of the most killing contempt that he could assume, "you will not think yourself accountable to me, *in any way*, for your conduct." — Seeing a set of gentlemen, with the purple ribbons of Trelawney, advancing to her succour, he passed on, without any further offer of service or assistance.

The above was the last adventure worthy of record during this memorable contest. The delightful days of election were now drawing towards a close. In spite of all the efforts to diminish the influence of a powerful family, Sir Alured Vere and his former colleague were again returned by a great majority; and sincerely glad was he when this forced and unpleasant intercourse with Lady Valmorden was, as he thought, brought to a conclusion.

Lord Trelawney was in high spirits at his grandson's success. After congratulating him upon it, the next ques-

tion he asked Alured was, “ When he was to be married to Lady Valmorden?” Her ladyship had contrived to get herself introduced to the earl. With all the art she was mistress of, — and she was mistress of a great deal, — she had laboured to obtain the good opinion of the gallant veteran, who was quite a *preux chevalier* in his ideas of the claims of the fair sex. While she professed her fond partiality to every individual of the house of Trelawney, Lady Valmorden delicately insinuated that her predilection owed its origin to her having been, for a time, distinguished as the object of the marked and passionate attention of Sir Alured; though she acknowledged, that, subsequently, from some circumstance for which she could not account, the ardour of his attachment had rather subsided. Though she was not in all respects exactly the person Lord Trelawney’s patrician pride would have led him to select as a match for his grandson,

still her fortune, talents, and apparent sensibility, had their weight with him.

Perhaps a latent and painful suspicion, never perfectly laid asleep, that Leonora was the obstacle, also influenced the earl in giving her ladyship a favourable hearing. Whatever might be the cause, Alured found Lord Trelawney most strongly prejudiced in favour of Lady Valmorden. In defence of his own conduct, he begged leave to correct certain mis-statements in her ladyship's account, and drew a rapid sketch of their intercourse from the earliest period of their acquaintance. He acknowledged that he had been led to pay her some attention, but it was no more than the tax which the lively Lesbina, as being at once a woman of fashion and literature, was in the habit of levying on every man. He related, for he thought Lady Valmorden no longer deserving of consideration when the happiness of his whole life was at stake, the arts she had

employed, and the species of persecution to which he had been exposed during the election at \* \* \*. “And now, my lord,” he concluded, “can it be your real opinion, that I am bound to make myself miserable because this woman, being either deficient in delicacy, or feeling, or both, has rendered herself ridiculous in the eyes of her friends?”

Lord Trelawney had still unbounded influence with Alured. He waited, in trembling anxiety, his decision; and perhaps the interval of suspense before it was pronounced, was among the most painful moments of his life. The earl listened with a stern and proud composure. When Vere had finished, he turned towards him to deliver his opinion. Lord Trelawney’s attitude was always such as it would have been, if able still to look at the person he addressed; and this circumstance gave to his sightless countenance an expression peculiarly awful and impressive.

“ The opinions of young men are much changed since my days,” he began; “ and you seem, Alured, to see things in a most extraordinary point of view.— Here is a woman with rank, uncommon talents, accomplishments, and fortune, made unhappy by your fickleness, and rewarded for the most essential services with ingratitude. Though innocent, she has, by your own confession, exposed herself to unmerited censure from the strength of her attachment to you.— Coquetry is sometimes excusable in a woman—it may be adopted as a means of attraction, as a weapon of defence; but in a man!— Oh that a grandson of mine should speak in excuse of such a poor—such a cold-hearted fault.— If you retain a spark of true honour,” and here Lord Trelawney’s voice became most impressive—“ if you retain a spark of honour, in the sense in which *I* use the term, *you will not hesitate to make that woman your wife!*”

## CHAP. VIII.

— Ere we met,  
 My heart was calm as the unconscious babe  
 That slumbers, cradled on its mother's breast.  
 From him I learned new wishes, new affections,  
 To hope, to fear, to dread enquiring eyes,  
 To find no relish in what pleased before,  
 And sigh for bliss that's unattainable.

JEPHSON. *Count of Narbonne.*

*Lady Valmorden to Lady Arlington.*

“ How provoking ! Lord Arlington thrown from his horse just as I wanted you in town to consult about bridal finery ! “ Instant death ” — I don’t wonder you were shocked, and so forth, but must protest against such expressions from the enlightened Ellen’s pen as “ value for his character ” — “ regret ” — “ sorrow ”

— expressions that just serve to blot paper and blind nobody. I perfectly approve of your ideas of widowed decorum, retirement, and that sort of thing; only cannot help observing that, after the first, you would look most magnificently beautiful in your sables.— But this *en passant*—of course you know best.— You have heard, I suppose, that I triumph. The most amiable of heroes is chained to my car. Car it will not be, but the most superb landau that ever was sported, on the ensuing birthday. The old earl has been most splendid in his gifts, and I shall glitter on my presentation like Our Lady of Loretto. You cannot imagine what a favourite I am with that veteran in the fields of war and wit; I perfectly justify Sir Robert Mildmay's impertinent observation, that “Lady Valmorden would be resistless, if enchantment only entered by the ear.” Secured by his misfortune, from the attractions of frivolous, mindless beauty, no insipid

belle has the least chance against your Lesbina with the renowned, the illustrious Trelawney. But enough of this: you know how I abhor vanity and egotism.—A certain person is more assiduous than ever in paying his devotions at the shrine, though the idol is withdrawn from it; or, in other words, calling at Portland Place to ask “if my ladyship has lately heard from *Clevelands.*” But as you talk of spending the first year of your widowhood entirely there, &c. &c. I suppose it would be absolute profanation to intrude upon your privacy with the tender sorrows of the son of the Ocean.—*Apropos*, I have some thoughts of manœuvring to force *la petite princesse Lionette* to offer to be one of my bridesmaids.—To me the idea appears delicious.—*Qu'en pensez-vous?*”

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The stupor of despair into which Alured had been plunged by the earl's decision, was succeeded by the most vehement

transports of self-reproach and regret. Still, he never thought of appealing from it. The spirit even of Vere bowed to that of Trelawney: *his* opinion made him look upon his own conduct in a new point of view, and he no longer struggled, however he might deplore his fate. The hopes of his life were blasted — the inclinations of his heart were crossed. By a most inconceivable fatality, all that he most loved was rudely torn from him; all that he most abhorred was substituted in its place. That fine taste which accompanied him in his other pursuits, had led him to love virtue in her most attractive shape, in the faultless form of Leonora. That fine taste, those exquisite perceptions, were now to become his bane. He must, at once, resign youth, beauty, virtue, innocence, and love, for levity and artifice: for an unprincipled mind and sophisticated attractions. Like the fabled Arthur of Dryden's opera, he thought to have pledged his faith to a beauteous virgin,

and found it plighted to a fiend! — And what had brought him to this? — Vanity! — the intoxications of vanity!

Alured absolutely started, as, for the first time, he gave a name to the fault that had been the besetting sin of his life. Thus it is only by draining the bitter cup of affliction that we learn “**TO KNOW OURSELVES!**” — All Vere could do, was to retard, as much as possible, the completion of his sacrifice; and this he did, under pretence of the unavoidable delays occasioned by the necessity of having every circumstance relating to his new establishment, furnished with the degree of splendour suited to the rank of Lady Valmorden. — What he most dreaded was meeting with Leonora. It was therefore rather with pain than pleasure that he heard of the arrival of Colonel Montresor and family at their mansion in Portman Square.

The important business of the winter came on; and Lord Trelawney was de-

sirous that Leonora should appear with an uncommon degree of brilliancy. He became impatient at her remaining so long unmarried, peevishly reproached her with fastidiousness and obstinacy, and began revolving in his mind new plans for the aggrandizement of his family.

Poor Leonora, mean while, was not more tranquil. "I wish," said she, when Mrs. Montresor suggested the necessity of thinking of her court dress for the ensuing drawing room; "I wish those who have no ambition, might glide through life unsolicited, and unreproved. Why must I be dragged out night after night, without hope of deriving either advantage or amusement? How do I know whether I shall live to see another birthday—Why must I be so importuned and tormented about this?"

With such sentiments, it is most probable the orders Leonora would have given would not have been productive of satisfaction to her friends, had she not been assisted in every consultation on

the chapter of dress, by a most able coadjutor, Miss Aurelia Newborough. Driving out together one morning, to a celebrated milliner's, Aurelia's attention was excited, while her friend was giving directions, by the exhibition of some splendid dresses that were evidently bridal paraphernalia.

“Lady Valmorden's dresses — ma'am,” said the milliner. — “Going to be married to Sir Alured Vere. — But these are nothing, ladies, to what I shall have to show you presently.”

“Dear! what sweet, lovely dresses,” exclaimed Aurelia. — “Dear, how I should like to be a bride — how I should like to be married to Sir Alured Vere. — But la! Leonora, what is the matter with you? — Mrs. \* \* \*, for the love of heaven, quick! a glass of water.”

Miss Montresor speedily recovered. Ashamed of the weakness she had betrayed, she expressed to Aurelia a desire to return immediately to her carriage.

" I think, ma'am, you said it was to be bunches of draperies of blond lace — festooned with pink acacia," said the milliner, attempting to recall her to the order of the day.

" I — yes — no — I'll call again — good night — good day! — "

Leonora threw herself back in the carriage, trying to reduce her confused and tumultuous thoughts to order. Aurelia, heedless alike of the feelings or reflections of others, continued, following the course of her own ideas, and chattering the whole way home about the beautiful dresses of the destined bride of Sir Alured Vere.

Arrived in Portman Square, Leonora found Mrs. Montresor in a state of unusual agitation.

" Here's a fine story about Vere," she exclaimed, the moment she saw her step-daughter. — " Genius! — I wonder when there will be an end to the follies of *that*

genius! — I could not have felt more worried about one of my own sons.” —

With Alured’s approaching marriage full in her mind, Leonora could admit no idea that was not immediately connected with it. She made some exclamation to that purpose, to which Mrs. Montresor with *naïveté* replied, “ Oh no — ‘tis not that — ‘tis a great deal worse! — It will soon get into the papers, I suppose ; and then we shall have a pleasant time of it ! ”

Leonora trembled at anticipating the explanation. After the many instances of warmth and levity of character that had been betrayed by Vere, she dreaded to be informed of some action, which, however it might be qualified in the fashionable world, by the terms “ imprudence,” or “ pardonable indiscretion,” would, for ever, degrade him below that moral standard by which her partial fancy loved to estimate him.

“ He and Lord Trelawney have quarrelled upon politics,” resumed Mrs.

Montresor.—A pause ensued on both sides — for the good lady did not like to add all her vexation suggested, and Leonora was obliged to hem down a “Thank God 'tis no worse,” and think of some more suitable reply.

“ I understand nothing of those matters,” continued Mrs. Montresor ; “ but common sense shows that it is the duty of the junior branches of families to obey their elders; and the experience of every day demonstrates that the members of a noble family should draw together in all questions of a political kind. — Montresor is gone to see what he can do towards making up this dreadful business — but I have little hopes.”

The entrance of a titled female visitor, in apparent sympathy but real curiosity to be acquainted with the details of this singular *fracas*, interrupted Mrs. Montresor.

Already had the circumstances of Vere's quarrel with Lord Trelawney been related a thousand different ways;

but every body was agreed as to the main point — and every body was right.

An important political question coming on in the House of Commons, Lord Trelawney, in discussing it with his grandson, was suggesting, as usual, the leading arguments of which he wished him to make use, when Vere expressed, though with respectful modesty, a complete difference of opinion with regard to the point in question. In vain the earl tried, both by reasoning and persuasion, to bring him over to his way of thinking. Alured had learned every thing but to flatter. Still he offered not to speak at all upon the subject. To absent himself, to go into the country, to plead illness, if necessary ; but to speak against his conscience was what he could not do. The absolute spirit of Trelawney was roused at this unlooked-for opposition. — After some very vehement reproaches, the earl was transported so far as to remind him of his dependence, and that

he owed his political existence to his favour.

“ I know it, my lord,” returned Alured, proudly; “ nor should I have been able to speak thus firmly to your lordship, had I not been determined to give up my seat in parliament the moment I could not hold it consistently with my principles.”

The haughty spirit of Lord Trelawney could not stoop to conciliate. Even the representations of his son, Colonel Montresor, failed of their usual effect. Accustomed to govern all who approached him, he thought that respect for his opinions, family interest, every circumstance must co-operate in soon bending Vere to his wishes. But Alured was inflexible; he retired from public life amid the censures of the worldly-minded, and the admiration of all who thought nothing could compensate for the sacrifice of integrity.

Shortly after these events took place,

a brilliant circle assembled at Lady Valmorden's.

"So Sir Alured Vere is out of parliament," observed a lady,— "has accepted the Chiltern hundreds."

"He is right," returned Lady Valmorden; "they are the only hundreds likely to be offered to his acceptance."

By those who thought themselves bound to applaud every thing her ladyship uttered, this paltry quibble was extolled as an admirable *bon mot*; while an inference was at the same time generally drawn, that Lady Valmorden's sentiments had cooled with respect to the object of it.

This was not precisely the case. Lady Valmorden chose to assume an appearance of indifference and contempt, while her bosom was, in reality, the seat of anguish and resentment.

At the first rumour of a disagreement with Lord Trelawney, her ladyship had dispatched a billet to Alured,

earnestly requesting his attendance at Portland Place ; and, when there, she exerted all the eloquence she was mistress of, to set before him the inconveniences of a family quarrel, and to induce him to comply with the wishes of Lord Trelawney. Piqued at her total failure, both as a wit and a woman, her temper, naturally violent, for a moment got the better of her discretion. She reproached him as a “ vain, obstinate, headstrong creature—one that cared for nobody on earth but himself.”

“ Certainly, madam,” replied Alured, briskly, “ there is no one in company I care for more than myself.”

This expression had hardly escaped his lips, when he coloured on recollecting it. It was in bad taste — unworthy of him. The only excuse that could be offered for him was his great desire to break with Lady Valmorden.

Her ladyship had now recourse to tears and hysterics. She reproached him with “ speaking daggers” to her ; yet

still let him perceive the “dear ingrate” might hope to be forgiven.

But Vere was blind and deaf to all such prospects. He affected to consider what had passed on both sides as irrevocable, unpardonable. “Your ladyship and I contemplate the subject in so very different a point of view,” he said, “that it would be absurd to keep you to those engagements into which you entered with so much more exalted an opinion of my character. I must be permitted to follow my own course; but far be it from me to require that the brilliant Lady Valmorden should share my obscurity.”—To subsequent overtures, and attempts at explanation, he continued equally inflexible: and her ladyship had shone the brilliant oracle of a party, upon the evening of the day in which she had received his eternal farewell.

Not so short was the succeeding interview that Vere had with Leonora. Since the time of this family quarrel,

his amiable cousin had taken pains, by her manner, to prove to him that she did not join with the world in condemning him, but, on the contrary, excused—more than excused—that she honoured his conduct. Finding her alone one day, he took the opportunity to express himself more explicitly on the subject.

A sweet hope shot through Leonora's heart, on observing him once more so eager to justify himself in her eyes—to secure her good opinion.

"I grieve," he said, "to have failed in fulfilling the hopes of my friends; but there are moments in which a malignant fatality appears to preside over our destiny. Lord Trelawney is unbending; so am I. I have loved him—oh, witness my life how I have reverenced—have worshipped the genius that shed a radiance upon every descendant from his noble stock, and seemed to summon us not only to admire but to emulate his course of glory! I would have followed him in banishment—through grief and

danger would have followed him : but when he commands me to act against my principles, then, then alone he ceases to be absolute."

Having thus in part given vent to the feelings that agitated him, Alured entered into a detail of the question which had caused this irreconcilable disagreement. Leonora listened with fixed attention; till, recollecting how little suited the subject was to the sex and age of his hearer, Vere suddenly paused, and raised his eyes to her's, with an expression which, though mild and respectful, said, as plainly as looks could say it, "Do you understand?"

"I deserve this doubt," said Leonora, timidly: "for the grand-daughter of the first statesman of the age, I have been shamefully inattentive and indifferent to those subjects ; but, on this occasion, my mind is opened, and I—I perfectly enter into your feelings, and comprehend your arguments."

She cast down her eyes, and blushed, without exactly knowing why ; and Alured, like all his sex, contemplating with fond partiality this picture of feminine diffidence united to feminine attraction, yielded for a moment to the tender interest she inspired in him, and, gazing unreproved on those still downcast features, “smiled with superior love.”

He had too much honour to prolong the dangerous indulgence.—It was his duty to fortify, not to shake the drooping courage of Leonora. His fortune had assumed an unfavourable aspect ; all his future prospects were uncertain. He could not ask Leonora to restore her former tenderness to him, without setting her in opposition to her whole family.—There was one satisfaction, however, which Alured allowed himself, before they parted, to enjoy.

“I suppose you have heard,” he, hesitatingly, began, “that my —” The word marriage, he found it impos-

sible to pronounce ; " that the lady to whom my grandfather wished me united — ”

"Lady Valmorden," interrupted Leonora, turning pale, and in a voice almost as trembling as his own.

"Yes ; that is all off," said Alured, hastily, and looking away from her.

She felt for his confusion. It is only in moments of embarrassment that a superior mind descends to the use of commonplace language.

Again approaching her, he added, in a hurried manner and a lower tone, "In one short interview I cannot enter upon that hateful subject in all its bearings : be satisfied it was an entanglement in which my heart had no share.

"I had almost forgot the object of my visit," he then resumed, making a violent effort to recover his composure. "It was a mournful — a farewell visit. Tomorrow I leave this for Ireland. May I

hope to be remembered in your orisons, fair cousin?"

In this attempt at playfulness, and above all in this last expression, Leonora thought she learnt the light in which Vere wished for the future to consider her. "For Ireland!" she mechanically repeated.

Alured continued, "My spirits, long harassed and depressed, have need of relaxation and repose. I have accepted the invitation of a friend who urges me to revisit a land which was the scene of all my earliest impressions:—a land, where I shall not be looked upon the more coldly for having prized honour above every worldly consideration. I have made one sacrifice to principle, after making many to selfish gratification. "Yes, Leonora," he pursued, taking up her little hand, and pressing it against his heart, as if to still its anguished throbings; "I have been, through life, a

vain, capricious, selfish, inconsiderate being, or I should not be now——”

After a moment's painful pause, he more cheerfully resumed, “I wish I could make you the partner of my plans, but they are, as yet, unknown to myself. Accustomed, since the first dawn of manhood, to the restrictions and constraint of college, of military, or of political life, I feel quite astray in the character of a gentleman at large, thus “left to myself in dangerous liberty.” — Perhaps, when once in the “Isle of Zephyrus\*,” the sight of the vast Atlantic may tempt me to visit the western world beyond it; and you next may hear of me assisting at some President Pattison’s dinner in the North, or moralizing on the tomb of some “old cacique” in South America; — or, perhaps, I may make a tour through Greece and the Grecian Isles, the favourite resource,

\* An ancient name for Ireland.

nowadays, for either peers or poets who are “melancholy and gentlemanlike;” or I may visit his highness the Dey of Algiers, and summon him to release the splendid beauties of his seraglio. Wherever fate may toss me, you will hear of me through Colonel Montresor. I will not ask you to infringe a duty by writing.”

“ Go where you will, may happiness attend you,” said Leonora, in a smothered voice; “ and, to that end, dearest Alured, take prudence for your guide.”

She held out her hand to him — he pressed it to his lips; his heart softly murmuring,

“ You still *the unseen light*  
Guiding my way.”

## CHAP. IX.

The fame he followed, and the fame he found  
 Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound —  
 Admired, applauded, crown'd where'er he roved  
 The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved —.  
 All else that breathed below the circling sky  
 Were link'd to earth, by some endearing tie —  
 He only, like the ocean-weed, upturn'd  
 And loose along the world of waters borne,  
 Was cast, companionless, from wave to wave  
 On life's rough sea —

MONTGOMERY. *World before the Flood.*

ARRIVED at the second capital of the British empire, Alured was received with that generous enthusiasm which marks the country of hospitality. The “Land of Bards” welcomed, with eagerness, the youthful poet, and Vere soon found himself surrounded by a circle of the warmest friends and well-wishers whose faces he had never seen before.

His letters of introduction, though few, were valuable.—Invitations to dinner and supper parties crowded upon him ; and, had he been inclined to take advantage of this moment of fashion, he might have easily repaired the injustice of fortune, at least as far as a matrimonial speculation could do it. But the remembrance of his disappointment hung, like a dark cloud, over the natural cheerfulness of his disposition. It followed him in the midst of the gayest scenes, perpetually presenting him with the picture of the happiness he might have once possessed. No where could he hope to find a second Leonora ; yet his character, in encountering adversity, had acquired strength ; and he never was, perhaps, so worthy of her as at the moment he was obliged completely to resign her. Tired of the unprofitable life he led, Vere often thought of withdrawing himself from this round of dissipation ; but his plans were, as yet, un-

settled. His active mind demanded employment, while his wounded heart sighed for solitude and peace.

Awakening late, after a Castle party, at which he had neither been exhilarated nor amused, a letter was delivered to the brilliant, the fastidious Sir Alured Vere, calculated, at least, to relieve his ennui by a momentary smile. It was sealed with a thimble, and directed by a most uncouth hand, in words that accidentally ran into the form of something like a doggrel couplet.

“ These  
To Sir Alured Vere, Esq. (that was) M.P.  
So more shame for ‘em if they don’t now  
get to him free.”

It was from Mary Malone, and began :

“ Honer’d Sur, and dare Child,  
“ I truble you with these few lines,  
thinking perhaps you’d like to no sum-  
thing about my transmigrashons sins I

quit the good family, wic̄ I left (praised be the Lord for all his marcies) living and looking and in perfitt good healt; barring\* my master, hoo had a touch of the bilious, and my mistress, hoo had a twitch of the roomatis, and Miss Neliorat, hoo is grown very pale and tin and the say is going into the mollencholies—but I nose beter: to be sure, I can't keep a sacret.

“ Now, master Alured, dear, you, hoo no so much of ai that's going for'ard in the grat world, I darsay you have hard tell of all our choppings and changings, and that I'm not in it; that is to say, I've quit—not but that I'm still in my good master and misse's sarvis, whar I hop long to remain, Amen!—only I'm not there any longer, seeing I'm here, as I soon hop to mak your hāer sinsible. As long as I was in it, sorrow the lasetest taste of any ting the can ever say I lost, or stole, let alone

\* Barring; except.

† Query Leonora.

broke,—barring it was one of them glass *candelabras* the drinks the limonade out of—worse luck to them for being so brittle!—Well, dear, she never said a word good or bad about the *candelabra*. But after that, there cam down a Lord Ormandsworth, none o' your ould frits, but a pirty young man, coorting to Miss Neliora; and then, to be sure, I was the worst in the world, because I was caat clossetted with her, advisin' of her to keep a good hart, and look for'ard like a useful gra'nter to the time she woud ber exect a fader, an' then please her own fancy.—Well, my lard was mad, but the Cu'el forgave me: but then came the affair about the tree rats.— You must no, Mr. Middleton, your rivell caasied day, come visiting in our naborood.—You must no I bear a mortal spite to Mr. Middleton.—So, as good luck woud have it, I katched no less than tree rats in a big thrapp, the mornin afther Mr. Middleton cum.—Sign's on

'em \* for English rats, to go for to be trusting there foals' heads into one thrap, so unconvanient, when ther was too more near 'em, quite handy ! So, what does I do, but I puts the tree rats in a box, and sends 'em to Mr. Middleton, for a rat and a rap as he is — there's Irish mother wit for you ! Well, whin it come to the ears of the master; there was he storming and tundering, and my ould lord crying ten thousand murthers, for that Mary Malone shoud have the ashurance to come for to go for to sind sich a mesage to a jantleman from another jantleman's hous, widout lave. And I hard the Curnel say to my lord, that very nite, " Mary's not fit for an ing.ish famely, yit I don't like she would be turned adrift unprovided for." — " Nor I na-ther, plase your honer," thinks my ear, that was fast to the kee-howl. " Well, can't you sind her to my castle in Ire-land," says my ould lord, in his peevish

\* Sign's on 'em — It is plain they were.

way:— and the very nixt day, jewel, I was transmigrated to Toscar Castle.

“ A pirty plase it was whin first I landed as you’d wish to see; with the roof falling in, and the walls dreeping wet, and great stones blown from the turrits every windy nite.— But sure, jewel, you have hard tell of the fine sun-dial, and other nat’ral curosities. And whin I come, the quality used to visit it, to look at the straybery-trees, and the deer, and the waterfals, and the other rare plants in the park.— “ O, the ar beauties \* !” the used to cry. “ The ar beauties, shure enuff,” thinks I to myself; “ but its a wonder to me you alwaies says the same ting of them.”

“ But lo, and behold you! there’s bad ones in the country yit, as may be seen whar the hides themselfs. Croppies the calls themselfs still— Divel crop there heads off, for croppies and † rubbles!

\* The Arbutus, or Strawberry-tree.    † Rebels.

say I. And so, won nite, as I was fast asleep in my bed, I hears me a tundering noise at the door ; and what woud it be but the rubbles, hoo, after maiming the trees and setting fire to the poor beauties, came to look for arums and plate.— To giv the devil his dew \*, Providens was verry good to me upon that occashon ; for tho' ther was not a man in the hous but myself, barring the ould shuper-anivated coaxman, hoo was 3 mills of at the fair, and the boy, hoo was gun to Ballykillcabbin, the behaved as sival as you plase, rimmaging the hole hous ; and whin the was satesfied I was not an “Orange,” as the call it, for I tuk care to speake only Irish to them, the jist desired I’d get up and giv them sum mate and drink. Won of them, barring he was a rubble and a teef, was as pirty-behaved a young man as you’d wish to see, and a quiet cratur, poor unfortunate

\* A genuine *Hibernicism*.

fellow! Ther was another, a verry genteel man, and sival spoken too; but I'm an ould widow, and doesn't care for there sival speeches.

“ Well, now the quality has lift of visiting me, I think I must drownd myself for mollencholies; for this is a sad dissolute looking plase — nat a chair ar a table to sit down upon, barring the bare walls, nar a cratur won can spake to, barring the sheep. So I wish the Curnel and Miss Neliora, and al the rest of the furniture was here, ar that myself was out of the plase, for I'm tired of my life. And I thinks I'll be murthered afore I gits your anser; therfore begs Sir Alured, dear, it may be a verry long letter to comfort me; and be sure you direct to Mistress Mary Malone, Toscar Castle, County of Cark. And no more at present from your humble sarvant, and loving nurse to command,

“ MARY MALONE.”

The above did not appear a very tempting description ; yet it had attractions for Alured, from suggesting the idea of change. In a moment his resolution was taken. Toscar Castle was an ancient and ruinous building, purchased by the earl during his residence in Ireland. It was one of Lord Trelawney's schemes (for his lordship had always many schemes on foot) to rebuild and inhabit it, when he should have totally retired from public life. This plan was only partly put in execution. Some magnificent additional rooms were built ; but Lord Trelawney had never visited them, and they were already beginning to suffer from the neglect of the old *concierge*, to whose care they had been confided.

Vere determined to go down to Toscar Castle, which he had often longed to visit ; and to seek for some habitation in the neighbourhood, where he could follow his literary pursuits uninterrupted, till

his mind should be more restored to the tone fit for general society.—He did not mean to announce his intention to any friend in Dublin; but, withdrawing himself silently from his gay and hospitable associates, to seek among wild and romantic solitudes that relief which company and conversation could not afford him.

Leaving Alured, for a time, to pursue his quest after happiness, we will return to Lady Arlington, who, since she had become a widow by the very sudden death of her lord, had spent her time in the most profound seclusion at Clevelands.

## CHAP. X.

So soon may *I* follow  
 When friendships decay  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away.  
 When true hearts lie wither'd  
 And fond ones are flown  
 O who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

MOORE.

*Lady Arlington to Lady Valmorden.*

“ Clevelands.  
 “ CRUELTY!” Lesbina, this from you !  
 Too well you know, dear, unkind friend,  
 I am not inclined to be needlessly severe ;  
 but, if an adherence to my ideas of propriety be termed so, let me ever incur  
 the imputation. True — I would not  
 see Raymond at Clevelands ; but I permit him to write to me, and am ashamed

to say how much my heart lives upon his letters.—In your last, the expression occurs — “ Before you knew Captain Mandeville.” Was there ever a time in which *I did not know him?* — Surely, Lesbina, there is nothing so difficult for a mind, engrossed with a beloved object, to admit, as the recollection of the period when *that* object had no place in the circle of its ideas! — I can only compare it to our attempts to conceive a pre-existent state. That previous period bears to the heart that loves, the aspect which chaos did to the world. — If I try to recall the time when I might have heard *his* name without transport, when my heart would not have vibrated to a narrative in which *his* actions bore a part, it seems as if my faculties were then benumbed, or half developed. — You say to me, “ Before you knew Captain Mandeville.” — It sounds as if you said, “ Before you were born.”

J,

(Written some time after the preceding.)

“Lesbina, it is in vain to deceive myself — I perceive a marked change in the style of Raymond’s letters. — To what can it be owing? — Have I shown, in my answers, too much coldness, or, perhaps, too much encouragement? — Certainly, mine was a situation of peculiar delicacy. — Whatever be the cause, I commission you, my dear, my only friend, to discover it, and, if possible, speak peace to my doubting heart.”

“After a fortnight of painful suspense, I have at length received another letter from Mandeville. — Heavens, what a letter! — and to me! — full of coldness, suspicion, and unintelligible accusations — accusations that plainly show he *wishes* to believe me changed. — Be it so — I shall not stoop to justify myself

— The spirit of a Fitzalbert shall once more be called in aid to support me. — *You know my heart.*”

“ Friday.

“ I awoke this morning with an intense headache, and a confused idea that something dreadfully disagreeable had happened. — Casting my eyes on a table, I perceived Mandeville’s letter. — I am persecuted with dreams concerning him, that represent him tender, devoted, even as in those hours we sailed together in the Ionian seas. — But you know little of that time. — One day passes like another, in the same dull vacuity, but the approach of night brings some relief. — Maitland gives me my laudanum, and I sink to rest in the pleasing anticipation that, in a few moments, I shall be insensible to evil.

“ I made this reflection the other night, and, a moment afterwards, ex-

claimed, “ Ah, is it thus with me ! — After thinking day too short for my felicity, and grudging the time I was forced to grant to sleep, because it suspended the sweet consciousness that Raymond’s heart was mine — that I was free to love him unreproved — do I seek insensibility to existence as my only good ? — My tears flowed bitterly at this picture I myself had drawn, and I remembered the expression we have so often admired together of the eloquent Corinna, “ that when we mourn our own sorrows, it seems as if there were *another self* weeping over us and pitying us.”

### “ Sunday.

“ I awoke early ; and finding I, for once, had not had disagreeable dreams, would not risk going to sleep again to encounter them. — I arose, and intended to have walked into the shrubbery, but was prevented by the heaviness of the

day.—The weather, lately fine, and cloudless as the sweet promise of my love, is suddenly altered, and has, for summer, an unnatural coldness, as if, with my felicity, the seasons too had changed."

(*The Same to the Same.*)

" I have been in expectation, this some time past, of hearing from you, my dear Lesbina.—Do not imagine I shall prove a tiresome or an ungrateful correspondent, or that my heart is insensible to the attentions of friendship, because dead to the sweet illusions of love. On the contrary, I cling the more fondly to the idea of your affection — what else have I to console me for the sufferings I have endured? — I try to find that consolation in resuming former habits of benevolence — but it will not do. — Such occupations fill up my time, but do not fill up my heart.

“ It is possible, I firmly believe, for the heart that has never tasted of love, to be perfectly happy independent of its power ; but difficult for one that has once loved, to return, with satisfaction, to its former state of tranquillity. — Pascal used to say he had no reason to feel assured that his present existence was not a dream, and his dreams realities : — even thus, the lover is apt to fancy his former happy life a childish dream, and his present dreams the summit of felicity.”

“ Oh, that this evil might pass over me, and leave only the purifying, not the devastating traces of the storm behind ! — Do not smile, Lesbina, and call this “ Cant.” — Alas ! what remains for the wretched, but to appeal from the partial tribunal of proud, unfeeling, capricious man, to the never-failing justice and everduring mercy of God ? — I am

ashamed, my dear Lady Valmorden, to ask you from the delightful circle you are now with. But, if you could make such a sacrifice to friendship, (and shall I venture to say I think you *will*,) your presence would be a renovation of life and spirits to your poor recluse. I will not add a word more to my request — you know better than I can describe it, how gladly, how warmly you would be welcomed to Clevelands by your affectionate and most sincerely attached

“ E. ARLINGTON.”

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*Lady Valmorden to Lady Arlington.*

“ I would gladly comply with your request, my dear Lady Arlington, only I should be the worst person in the world for the purposes of condolence. To whom do you think the creature has chosen to transfer his fickle heart? — To me! — True, upon my veracity. — He thought you too prudish, I believe,

and, to tell you the truth, I was inclined to fancy, from your behaviour, you must care very little about him. — And now I find you ready to play Hermione upon us, with,

“ Et je ne vous ai pas aimé cruel ?”

I am heartily sorry for it. “ Men are by nature false ;” and, though every lady makes an exception in favour of her own *paragon*, unhappily the dear creatures do not make it for themselves. But your taste may change as well as his. Every *remue-ménage*, I acknowledge, is attended with some little trouble at first, and you cannot hope to dislodge a tenant from your heart after such *long occupation*, without a degree of difficulty and confusion. But courage is all that is required. Mean time, I trust this *badinage* will make no alteration in our friendship ; for believe me, *Ma très chere*,

“ As sincerely as ever, yours, &c.

“ LESBINA VALMORDEN,”

"P. S. What think you of Sir Alured Vere? He has quite broke with *la Princesse Lionette*."

For some time, Ellen stood, holding this infernal scroll in her hand, and yet apparently unconscious that she was looking at any thing. At length, she folded it up deliberately — ran over the contents in her mind, — and even mentally made some trifling comments upon Lady Valmorden's peculiar style. She felt pleased with herself for this uncommon calmness, and was deceived enough to imagine it could last. It was not till the merrow that her mind admitted the conviction of the extent of her unhappiness; that she contemplated, with dismay and horror, the *crash* which had rendered her, in one moment, a bankrupt in love and friendship.

Thus, in the heat of battle, the warrior, destined to all the lingering horrors of a

tedious and painful convalescence, does not feel, at the moment, even that he is wounded. — Thus, the sufferer, who meets with an accidental blow or fall, sometimes experiences but little pain at first, from the injury which is afterwards discovered to be mortal.

No ray of light appeared to mitigate the thick gloom that surrounded her. In vain Ellen tried to diversify her employments, she could not destroy the consciousness of actual misery. One prevailing idea mingled with every reflection and with every sentiment. In vain she appointed different hours of the day to be devoted to different avocations, they all took the same colour from that circumstance which was ever present to her mind. Past and future seemed absorbed in one changeless moment, “one dreadful now,”\* which still pressed upon her shrinking

\* Crabbe's poems.

heart the sense of immitigable wretchedness. Still, no weak confidences, no womanish complainings, betrayed, in Ellen, the deep and inward wound. With native dignity of mind, she struggled and bore up against the overwhelming sadness that threatened to submerge her better faculties; but still, it would, at moments, impetuously rush over her soul, and she felt, as if reason was perpetually opposing a mound against the inroads of grief, which the gradual, but never-ceasing efforts of passion were as constantly undermining and washing away.

Her benevolent pleasures were resumed with more ardour than ever. In one of these rounds, (in which she never had the parade of a carriage,) Lady Arlington was overtaken by a heavy shower, and obliged to accept shelter in Hazlebrook rectory.—Seeing her delicate form, bending beneath the blast, and her drapery all penetrated with

the rain, Henry Wentworth ran, in real alarm, to his mother, who was then on a visit at Hazlebrook, and, by their united persuasions, a complete change of dress was adopted by Lady Arlington. This slight circumstance — the eagerness with which she had hastened for shelter, and the singularity of her visit to the rector, had tinged her cheek with an unwonted glow. — She laughingly adverted to her misfortune ; and, misled by her momentary spirits, Henry thought he had never seen her look so lovely. He was himself exhilarated to the highest pitch of satisfaction at having her an accidental guest beneath his roof ; and listened, delighted, while her ladyship, with infinite spirit and grace, related the particulars of her misadventure.

Henry, having gone to give some additional directions to that important personage his housekeeper, and Mrs. Montresor to look out for her guest some suitable articles of dress, Ellen was for a

moment left alone in the parlour, where the rector usually sat. It was chiefly decorated with the productions of his pencil. Painting was a talent he had not wholly given up.—She was particularly struck with one—it was the meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the well of Haran.

“A scripture subject,” observed Lady Arlington as Henry re-entered the room. She returned to the examination of the picture.—It was exquisitely designed and coloured; and Ellen could not conceal from herself that, in the faultless form, and soft, modest, downcast features of the “fair Syrian Shepherdess,” the young divine had taken her as his model.

While a messenger was dispatched to Clevelands for Lady Arlington’s carriage and servants, tea was prepared in the best room of the parsonage, and the conversation took a lively and cheerful turn. The party broke up too soon for Henry Wentworth, who could have lived years in Lady Arlington’s company, and

still counted his time by minutes. He had latterly been much delighted by the change in her behaviour ; her attention to religious observances being as conspicuous as her former neglect of them.

“ What an exquisite creature,” he said to his mother when she was gone — “ What ease — what spirit. — Yet much I fear all is not right within. — I have heard — confusedly — of some strange treachery. — But do you not fear, mother,” resumed Wentworth, recollecting himself, “ that, with her extreme delicacy of appearance, Lady Arlington may have, this wet evening, received some serious injury ?”

“ Oh, no ; what should injure her ?” answered Mrs. Montresor, carelessly. — “ Delicate looking people are always the strongest ; but I am sure she is not half as handsome, now, as Constantia Newborough.—I wish, Henry, your head was not always running upon that Lady Arlington.”

## CHAP. XI.

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,  
 Have rued of penury the smart,  
 Have felt of love the venom'd dart  
     When hope was flown ;  
 Yet rests one solace to my heart,  
     My harp alone !

*Rokeby.*

WERE was received with an “ Irish welcome” by Mary Malone, on arriving at Toscar Castle. Situated near the coast, this ancient residence, though certainly presenting within doors an appearance of desolation and discomfort, yet presented, in its environs, such scenes of romantic beauty, that Alured thought every disgust and inconvenience he had braved to reach them more than repaid. Once more, as in his boyish days, he became an enthusiast of nature.

There was something in the deepening tints of the woods, the soft verdure and rich azure that adorned the fields and skies, which spoke peace to his bosom, when literature and philosophy had, alike, proved vain. In the sweet, silent language of nature they seemed to whisper, “Here make a truce with suffering — defraud sorrow, at least, of an hour. — Are we not, in ourselves, intrinsically beautiful? — must we not, independent of all association, give pleasure to the unsophisticated mind?”

It was not thus, when he turned from the objects before him to the descriptions in the poets. A poetic mind is, on some occasions, the most fatal gift Heaven can possibly bestow. Though, from its elasticity, it may at first appear less liable to severe and deep impressions than one possessed of less buoyancy and fire, yet, from the fertility of its creative powers, such a mind can magnify and multiply

those it *does* receive to an infinite extent. Endowed with a memory to retain, a judgment to select, and an imagination to create, unnumbered poetic pictures, Alured, since his reverses, had found his unhappiness repeated, as by a thousand multiplying mirrors, in the strains that remembrance and that fancy could supply.

But it was in his favourite solitudes that his spirit found repose. In such scenes, the devouring fires of love and ambition that alternately wasted his heart, were tempered, at least, if not quenched. Like Ladur-lad, he experienced intermissions of torment, or he could not have lived. When he looked at the moon in the sky's deepening azure — the sun setting on the western wave in glory — “ You still are lovely,” he would say, “ when all around is gloom — *you* do not refuse to expand your beauties to the gaze of eyes “ sullied with a tear.” His mind filled with ideas of calmness, vastness, immutabi-

lity, he could look down on the low-thoughted cares of common life, and rest his hope in that hereafter, where order, love, and beauty will establish their harmonious reign.

He was not, however, long suffered to pursue these contemplations unmolested. Poor Mary Malone, under one pretext or other, would often steal upon his devious walk, and force herself upon his notice, "for 'fraid he would be lonesome :" and such was the amenity of Alured's disposition, that he found it utterly impossible, by an expression of harshness or impatience, to drive her away.

"Arrah now, jewel, is it to yourself you are talking? — I never see good come of a man's talking to himself, though I loves talking to other people better than any ting, barring it was to hear that you was a handsome young lord, wid ten thousand a year and a park, married to Miss Neliora in a coach and six." Having thus ingeniously prepos-

sessed her auditor in favour of what she had to say, by introducing a train of such flattering ideas, Mary continued,— “ I never *hard* but one man run on in the way you do, darling, and he was a *Methodiss*, and hanged himself. Well, I hard tell at the Colonel’s, jewel, that you was a *Poet*: I don’t rightly know what a poet *manes*, but now I take it to be all as one as a methodiss, by your going on talking to yourself in the like fashion; so hearken to your old nurse, dear, and lave off being a poet and a methodiss, and I’ll tell you a funny story to divert you — there’s a jewel.”

“ Depend upon it, I am in no danger of turning methodist,” said Alured, laughing; “ as to being a poet, that is a different thing; and I do wish, Mary, as you seem anxious to oblige me, that you would look out for some little lodge or cottage, where I could remove, with my few books and papers, and make such little arrangements as I am

desirous of completing ; for I have no right to remain in Toscar Castle, you know."

At this requisition, Mary started back three paces, fixed her eyes on Vere, and, extending the forefinger of her right hand, like nota-bene in a book, which was her manner when she meant to be remarkably impressive, " Is it your own grandfather's castle ?" she exclaimed. " No right to be in it, in troth ! Do you think he'll grudge you the bit you *ate*, or the bed you lie down upon,—which is nat a bed at all, but only an apology for one, that I got at Miles Dempsey's, where there's nat a bit of furniture to be hired fitting and proper for a jantleman, and hadn't time to sind for better, you dashed down in such a hurry.—Sorrow the bit of me will be after helping you for to do any sich an illnater'd unnatural ting, as to lave your own grandfather's big castle staring you in the face, and nobody to live in it, and go

skulking in a bit of a cabin, for all the world like a poor relation!"

Having soothed Mary's anger a little, for it, in truth, did not lie very heavy upon Alured's conscience to have an apartment or two in the old desolate castle aired for his reception, she condescended to give a more rational reason for wishing to detain him, and added, significantly, "To tell you the plain truth, your grandfather would not be disengaged at all, if you'd stay to have an eye to Pat Riley, the ould coachman, who is no better than an *ould* rogue, and his son's *the same*—and myself can't sleep *quite*\* in my bed for 'fraid of the rubbles; and I wouldn't wonder if John himself turns out at night, (for all he looks so *quite* in the day,) and bees one of the "Defenders."

Having so far gained her point, Mary fell into her former train of ideas,— "Was I ever telling you, jewel, about

\* Quite; quiet.

my pretty pigeon, and the curlew John was after giving me — bad luck to John for that same ! who'd thank him for his ugly curlew ? Myself didn't tink so at the time ; and for 'fraid the anemil would be lonesome, I put it up wid my pretty pigeon, to keep one another company — when, och, murther in Irish ! what does I find nixt day; but the ill-natured *baste* had kilt hin dead. — Och, worse luck to you, you cannibal, says I, I'll make you sup sorrow for this. Was there nothing to *ate* in the place, that you must be killing my poor little morsel of a pigeon, ye teef of the world ? I'll make you repent it the longest day you have to live, ye pelican of a curlew ! — And widout more palavering, myself wrings his neck off. — But that wouldn't bring my little pigeon to life ! ”

Alured comforted Mary with a promise of some Barbary pigeons ; but observed, that in future she must be more attentive to the dispositions of her

feathered guests, before she put them together “for company.”

Being interrupted in his favourite rambles, he resumed his literary occupations with more than usual ardour. He had a great desire to leave some durable monument of his talents behind him — some work which, as our sublime Milton expresses it, posterity “would not willingly let die.”

He recalled to mind the numerous instances of men distinguished in the fields of glory, of science, and literature, who owed, perhaps, to the destruction of their domestic hopes, all the celebrity that they subsequently enjoyed. In most cases it appeared as if the fabric of private happiness must be previously cleared away, before the foundations of public fame can be solidly laid : and he felt that Genius, to adopt the style of an Eastern moralist, is a plant whose head reaches to the clouds — whose fruits are ripened by the sunbeams of prosperity —

and whose branches are fanned by the breath of praise : but it springs up from the thorny wilderness of affliction—strikes deepest root in the dark soil of adversity—and, for its earliest nourishment, is best watered by tears.

Under the influence of such thoughts, he exerted himself to turn to advantage his present situation ; and many of the most beautiful effusions of his fancy were composed and published during this gloomy interval of suffering and seclusion. One delightful idea, too, mingled its life-charm among the fantastic pléasures with which he surrounded himself.—Whenever his imagination conceived a splendid passage, when his pen traced a generous, a noble, or impassioned sentiment, “ This,” he reflected, “ may meet *her* eye, to whom my thoughts still turn as to their polar star. Unsuspected, my mind thus still holds a silent, mysterious communication with her’s—a communication which mortal power can neither cross nor sever.”

But it was not at all times that Alured felt thus supported. Even when apparently absorbed in occupation, the sense of that misery was not always suspended, which nothing but oblivion could totally destroy. Care pressed upon his heart, and withered up his faculties, accompanying every line he traced, like the cruel pressure of fierce Lindsay's iron \* glove, that urged the trembling hand which refused to obey his dictates. At other times, even when the consciousness of successful genius had soothed him to momentary complacency, intrusive recollection, like the slave in the ancient Triumph, forced itself on his mind, crying, "Remember thou art wretched!"

It was under the influence of the latter feeling that he sat despondingly holding his pen, when Mary Malone burst into the room, crying, "Joy, joy, master, dear! sure we'll have merry days at the

\* *Lyrical Ballads.*—See an account of his barbarity to Mary Queen of Scots.

Castle yet ! There's orders sint me for to set all tings to rights, and cars upon cars of fine furniture coming down from Dublin ; and Miss Neliora herself will soon be here — ”

“ Leonora !” exclaimed Alured, starting.

“ Pooh, pooh, not at all, at all.— Was I after saying *Miss Neliora*? No, indeed, she'll be my lady Countess of Ormandsworth, by the blessing of God.”

Poor Mary was so elated by the approaching grandeur of her favourite, that, like other ambitious and scheming matrons, she quite forgot her usual good wishes in favour of Vere. The alteration in his countenance first reminded her of her indiscretion. Her penitence then vented itself in the usual number of uncouth exclamations, “ Och, murder ! what will be done !— More grief to you, Molly Malone, couldn't you be after keeping a good tongue in your head ! And there's my own jewel will go mad

for grief ; and if he does, as sure as fate, myself will go mad for company,— and that will be one comfort any way.— But never believe it, dear ! Sure it's only a bit of a letter the ould house-keeper (and bad luck to her !) writ me by her mistress's orders ; and maybe she was asleep when she writ it—who knows ? and bid *uz* have the castle in order, ca'ase Lord Ormandsworth, being an Irish peer, and taking his bride wid him to Ireland, wanted to see it.—So keep a good heart, jewel, and make yourself happy ; for I haven't tould you a word of lies, but only the *rale* honest truth.”

Oppressed with a sensation of despair unutterable, Vere heeded her not.— At length he said, with a deep sigh, “Leave me, Mary ;” and, throwing himself into a chair, to collect his hurried thoughts, endeavoured to oppose a manly fortitude to the tumultuous agitations of jealousy and despair. But the effort was too violent.—He had now no faithful

Bailey to watch the approaching paroxysms of bodily or mental disorder. Alured had parted with him at the request of the friend with whom he was on a visit in Dublin. No individual in the castle had the slightest influence over him. Vere continued to walk about as usual, with several symptoms of high fever, from severe and repressed irritation of mind. Thus passed that day, and the day succeeding it. In vain Mary Malone urged him to have advice, or to be more careful of himself.—“At *laste* you’ll lie down, jewel,” she said, in a piteous tone; and, after crossing herself, retired to pray for her darling, since her prayers to him were of no avail.

Vere flung himself, in delirious agony, upon his couch. He was in his clothes, for no entreaties of poor Mary could induce him to retire to rest, though the influence of his fever appeared to increase every moment. All his faculties

were wound up in the contemplation of an apparition, that seemed as if raised to blast him.

The spectre was shrouded in no shadowy form, but appeared in human shape. It stalked slowly to his couch, and forcibly dragged him from it. Alured struggled with the phantom — pursued it round the room — wrestled with it — mastered it — bent over the fallen foe — and, looking into its countenance, discovered that the features, though disfigured and distorted by dæmoniac frenzy, were — his own! — It was himself armed against himself.

A dreadful idea seized him — Suicide! — He felt impelled to it by a power beyond his capacities of resistance. — Panting, gasping for breath, he fled from that dreadful room — the appalling phantom pursued him. — Distracted he ran out of the castle — traversed, with incredible swiftness, a space of ground that would, at another time, have appeared considerable to him.

Still this “Second Self” pursued him—came up with him—would not let him rest. Exhausted with the visions of frenzy, the persecuted and terrified wretch had almost perpetrated the dreadful deed, to escape the tempter that urged him to it. At length, along a grey ledge of rock, and just in view of the sea, the vision vanished, and left Alured languid, spiritless, weakened in mind as well as body. The moon was riding high along the sky, and innumerable stars shed their fainter radiance through the darkness.

“Creating Power!” exclaimed the sufferer, raising his half-reproachful eyes to heaven, “thou who hast given beauty to those luminous worlds, and hast stooped to form even such a wretch as I am—’tis thou ~~hast~~ made me what I am—’twas thy pleasure to form me with this boundless imagination—this defective judgment—this ardent, erring sensibility! — Oh, father of lights,” he resumed,

“ thou knowest the pressure of my sufferings — they are incurable, immeasurable — their burthen is excessive — their weight is intolerable — forgive me, if warned — impelled —”

At this moment, Alured felt himself forcibly dragged back by a sudden jerk, that almost dislocated his wrist. — Quite restored to his senses by the pain, he looked round on his preserver, and beheld, by the clear moonlight, a tall man of about fifty years of age — meagre, and with rather a haggard mien — his dress neglected, but very much the air and look of a gentleman. — With a manner between gratitude and confusion, Vere stammered out some inarticulate thanks. — The stranger received them courteously, and offered to accompany him home. — “ You are an inhabitant of Toscar Castle, sir, I believe ? ” he said, Vere replied in the affirmative. The stranger, with instinctive good-breeding, did not press him on that topic, but

continued conversing pleasantly upon various subjects till they had performed about half of the way. Alured then told his unknown guide he would not trouble him any farther, as he was not so ill as to be unable to walk alone.

"Pardon me, sir," replied the gentleman, "I make it a rule never to leave persons in your situation till I have seen them safe home. I hold it a duty to watch over those in whom reason has for a moment been overthrown. When you are sufficiently recovered, I shall be happy to see you at my house, and to show you hospitality."

"And to whom am I obliged?" enquired Vere; "I have been very remiss in not asking that question before."

"To whom! don't you know who I am?" said the stranger, with a significant and mysterious look — then, advancing close up to Alured, he whispered, with a confidential air, "THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY!"

## CHAP. XII.

Le désespoir n'est point d'une âme magnanime :  
Souvent il est foiblesse, et toujours il est crime.

GRESSET. *Edouard III.*

ALURED was very ill for several days after this adventure, and was informed by Mary, that during this period, a gentleman had constantly called with very particular enquiries respecting him.— As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be able to walk about, the following curious billet was delivered to him.

“ Mr. Monthermer presents his compliments to Sir Alured Vere, and requests the honour of his company on Friday the 16th, to meet a select party of friends, as he intends, on that evening, to try a few lights.”

“ To try a few lights!” Vere meditated some seconds on the possible import of this phrase, and then sent for

Mary to enquire who Mr. Monthermer was, and if she could assist him in discovering any clew to it.

“ Monthermer !” exclaimed Mary, giving a great slap upon the table ; “ As sure as I’m alive that’s the very jantleman has been haunting me wid enquiries ever since the night you run out, jewel.—A poor quiet cratur he is — a little crazed or so — has lived a long while in these parts. Some says he’s a Methodiss.”

Alured enquired if he was a tall, thin gentleman. Mary replied in the affirmative : and no doubt was left upon his mind, by the description she afterwards gave of him, that Mr. Monthermer was his unknown preserver.—Mary added, “ that he lived at a pretty little place, left him by a distant relation, as she *hard* tell, and called Ballincross, where he sometimes saw a *dale* of company, and sometimes let in no one. — That he had once, himself, lived in very great style, and with the greatest of people ; but that it was believed crosses and disappoint-

ments among them had turned his head.—That he had at one time held a very high situation in England: but *whether it was Secretary of State, or Head of the Police, “she could nat jistly tell.”*

Stimulated to greater curiosity by this statement, than he had thought any event capable of inspiring in him, Alured determined not to miss going, on the evening appointed, to Ballincross, in order to discover the meaning of this singular invitation, “To try a few lights.”

Reflecting upon the short history he had heard of the poor creature, whose reason was overthrown by the disappointment of his favourite passions, though they were other passions from those which had lately agitated Alured’s breast, he shuddered to think of the frightful excesses to which their uncontrolled indulgence may lead.

“ Happy period,” he cried, “ of early youth — so happy, but so fleeting! — Before Leonora had ever presented her-

self to my eyes, did I feel the privation as an evil? Did such an image intrude among my fairy visions, and, sighing for the possession of perfection unattainable, did my mind dwell upon the picture, and, like the fabled prince in the Persian tale, doat upon the “*Bedi al Jemal*” of imagination? — No; fair, pure, and excursive, fancy presented far other objects to my view — pointed to well-earned praise — to successful application. — Oh for a draught of Lethe to restore me to that state! — But it will not be. — He who would escape from memory, must be content to resemble the unhappy being whose story I have been hearing.”

On the appearance of Vere at Ballincross, Mr. Monthermer received him with the politeness of a man evidently accustomed to the very first world. He seemed to have quite forgotten his assumed rank of First Lord of the Treasury; nor did his deportment towards the numerous guests he had collected, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the country,

evince any symptom of that derangement under which he was well known occasionally to labour.

Addressing himself particularly to Alured—“I had the honour, sir,” he said, “of knowing your illustrious relative Lord Trelawney most intimately for many years.—Pray is he as much as ever with Lord St. Hilary?—Lord St. Hilary and Lord Trelawney were the two greatest wits of their time.—We shall not soon see such men again.—I enjoyed the friendship of both—but how did it end?” cried the unhappy man, suddenly breaking off, and wringing his hands with a look of unutterable anguish.—Then, changing again from his subdued tone, he briskly said, “Come, gentlemen, I think my fellows have had time enough to “try the lights.”

Conducted into the grounds of Mr. Monthérmer, Vere suddenly found himself introduced into a most pleasing scene. They were brilliantly illuminated;

and he thought that, considering the small space there was to work upon, he had never seen, at the most fashionable entertainment, such a union of taste and skill as the devices displayed.

Mr. Monthermer enjoyed his surprise. “ You remember,” he said, “ the fête given by Prince Potemkin to the empress? — I like those sparkling stars, that shine with such eclipsing radiance, “ dazzling the moon.” — I love to spite her, she so often makes me ill. — See, see — how pale she looks — she’s envious — woman! woman!”

Alured observed that the disposition of the grounds, and the effect of the *tout-en-ensemble*, somewhat reminded him of a fête given at “ The Dales,” a seat of Lord Trelawney’s in Yorkshire. — Mr. Mont-hermer smiled triumphantly.

“ Ballincross is laid out as a miniature of “ The Dales,” and this festival I celebrate monthly in remembrance of a similar entertainment given there, on

the coming of age of the present Lord Marston. — A fine place, The Dales."

The other guests were a little tired of this periodical commemoration of the coming of age of Lord Marston, but enjoyed the effect that the novelty seemed to have upon Vere. — He learned from them, that Mr. Monthermer was sometimes very willing to mingle with his neighbours; at other times he would spend weeks in the caverns of the rocks, howling and calling himself the spirit of the storm: but, once a month, he was sure to invite all his acquaintance to Ballincross to witness the illuminations, and the invitation was always couched in those singular terms, "to try a few lights," an expression probably intended to designate the small scale upon which the exhibition was planned when opposed to the magnificence of "The Dales."

Mr. Monthermer resumed with Alured the topic of Lord Trelawney,

and Vere discovered the unfortunate man to be possessed of a mind deeply imbued with elegant literature, and capable of appreciating the extensive and versatile talents of his relative.

Turning abruptly from the subject, and drawing his companion a little away from the rest of the company—“ You remember, Sir Alured,” he said, “ the celebrated satire of Regnier Desmarests,

Il faut toujours aux grands seigneurs :

What is your opinion of it?”

“ That it is exaggerated,” replied Vere, “ as all satires are; but that it contains some truth.”

“ *Some truth!*” repeated Mr. Monthermer, his eyes flashing sudden fury.—“ Sir, it contains nothing but truth — nothing but truth of the Great —”

Ascending a little eminence darkly overshadowed with pines, he then began reciting aloud, with uncommon vehemence of gesture, the three lines —

Approchez d'eux comme du feu ;  
Les bien connître, et les voir peu  
C'est le mieux que vous puissiez faire.

“ I have brought you to the back of a deception, Sir Alured,” continued Mr. Monthermer, changing the subject with his usual rapidity. — “ An enemy could not have shown my grounds to worse advantage; but it is time that DECEPTION SHOULD BE UNVEILED ! — Yes,” continued this strange being, with increasing solemnity of accent, “ you see before you the murderer of your father — of your mother ! — the secret, base assassin of their reputation. — Mad as I am — and my wrongs would drive any one mad — I have not escaped the stings of conscience. — Why should I ? — Was not the mad Orestes persecuted by the Furies ? ”

However shocked by this sudden communication, Vere felt too much interested in the subject of it, not to try to bring back his unhappy companion to

the point from which he had set out. A clew seemed now discovered to transactions that had been for years the subject of painful contemplation with him.

“ I have injured you too,” Mr. Monthermer resumed, “ nor should I now venture to address you, had not accident put it in my power to render you a service; but can I recall the dead?” — Then entering at once upon his own story, he rapidly continued — “ I was the younger son of an ancient but indigent family.— My talents were cultivated as a means of future advancement; but my principles — no one thought of taking care of them.— I was appointed secretary to General Montresor, now Lord Trelawney.— Vere was his Aid-de-camp at the time. He was a fine, spirited, generous youth — no caution — no prudence.— I was all prudence and caution — you would not believe it now.— One day I was praising — flattering I believe is the word — no matter — I was praising, in my usual

manner, some new regulations issued out by my patron. Vere was silent ; and, on being pressed for his opinion, delivered it with honest, soldierlike frankness, in opposition to the General's. — As Satan would have it, the General was pleased with this boldness. Never did I see him patient at opposition before — but caprice is a characteristic of all the Montresors. He praised the manly openness of Captain Vere, and added something about the compliance of courtly parasites, which stung me. From that moment, I marked Vere as the object of my deadly hatred. — Too soon he gave me an opportunity of vengeance — he pleased your mother. — I had sought her favour too by every art, but could never please her. They married. — I was with General Montresor during the first transports of his rage. I artfully increased them, by the falsest representations of Vere's want of principle and dissipated morals. — I afterwards pursued my ven-

gence against Emmeline — I suppressed all her letters — I — but the odious detail shocks you too much. — Here is a paper I have drawn up for the information of Lord Trelawney's family — it contains a confession which false shame too long prevented me from transmitting."

Alured's whole frame shook with agony : the image of his injured mother, pale and dying, flitted before his eyes.— He could only make the unhappy wretch a sign to go on with his narrative.

" I found," pursued Monthermer, " that I had " scotched the snake, not killed it." — I learnt from those who were intimate with you, that you had grown up the image of Vere in mind and person, only with talents more brilliant, more dangerous. Once near your grandfather, the labour of years might be overthrown, and the favour and confidence I enjoyed be transferred, in a moment, to another. I learnt also, that, like your father, you were warm — imprudent — and repre-

sented some youthful follies to Lord Trelawney in such a light as to make him think it justifiable to inflict on you the weight of his displeasure.—Colonel Montresor's long residence in India had prevented him from traversing my machinations against your mother.—As to yourself, your letters too were intercepted—suppressed even up to the period —”

“ My letters from Sicily !” interrupted Alured.

“ Even so — the earl's blindness threw him more into my power.—My object was to enjoy, without a rival, the confidence of Lord Trelawney.—From his favour I hoped the highest promotion—blasted, blasted ambition!—I hated even Colonel Montresor and his lovely daughter for the share they possessed in my patron's affections.—I sacrificed health, peace, and reason.—I pledged my honour—I sold my own soul—and often HE comes to demand it of me—to serve the purposes of others.—I was a slave—a galley-slave—a very martyr to the

party — and, in one moment, betrayed and supplanted—deserted, duped, abandoned——”

Here some overpowering recollections seemed to deprive the poor man of speech ; and, dropping his head upon his bosom, he began, unconsciously, tearing the letter he had promised to deliver to Alured.

“ Say no more, Mr. Monthermer,” exclaimed Vere, in a suppressed voice of excessive emotion, “ you have saved my life — you have deprived me of the privilege of reproaching you.”

Unable longer to endure the sight of the cruel persecutor of his parents, Alured quitted this miserable monument of an inordinate and blasted ambition, and, carefully securing the packet which he had rescued from his hand, darted down a walk that opened out of the grounds, and, heedless of the darkness of the night, took his solitary way to Toscar Castle.

Observing him pale and haggard, his

eyes wild and staring, Mary was very much afraid some fearful accident had befallen her darling ; but Vere fiercely forbade all further enquiries, and locked himself up in his room, to deliberate on the best means of communicating these important documents to the Earl of Trelawney. The more he reflected on the particular care and goodness of Heaven, as manifested in his own behalf, the more bitterly he reproached himself, for that presumptuous despair which had led him to arraign Providence in the very moment that brought him acquainted with the only person capable of unravelling the clew to his mysterious destiny.

On the morrow, he had still more reason to accuse himself of precipitancy and folly. — Mary brought in a letter to him with her favourite phrase, “ Good news, master dear ! that is to say, good news, if it isn’t bad — though bad news may be good to you. — But ’tis some of the family is in it, any way. — I know the

*arrums* of the family, and somebody's dead, by the black *sale*."

Alured snatched the letter from her. It was from Colonel Montresor. It briefly announced the death of his elder brother Lord Marston, and referred, for all particulars, to a letter enclosed. The Colonel added that this stroke, though not so heavy as many others, was, from his increasing years and infirmities, felt more severely by Lord Trelawney.—That he had expressed a desire of reconciliation with Alured, and seemed to wish once more to have the remaining branches of his diminished family united under one roof. "Therefore do not lose this opportunity, my dear fellow," continued the present Lord Marston, with his usual warm benevolence, "of honourably reinstating yourself in my father's favour."

Here was a recall to the self-banished exile—a recall when he thought all ambitious prospects, through Lord Trelawney, closed for ever. The annexed

letter alluded to by the Colonel, now Lord Marston, was from one of Buonaparte's Generals, formerly slightly known to Lord Trelawney on the Continent. He was governor of the city and castle where Lord Marston had been so long confined. The letter was as follows : —

‘ My Lord,

“ The afflictive duty on me devolves to inform your lordship that your son, Lord Marston died in the Castle of \* \* \* \* on the 20th \* \* \* — What despair I am in, to be obliged to recall myself to your lordship’s remembrance by such an afflictive circumstance ! I, who, from a simple captain of cavalry, have been promoted, by the favour of my august Emperor, to the highest grade in the empire.— A Frenchman has the tenderest of hearts — he knows how to enter into the feelings of a bereaved parent, and, in the midst of the triumphs of the

great nation, he knows how to deplore the calamities of war.—Lord Marston was inhumed with all the *eclat* due to his rank.—It was by torchlight—numbers wished to behold the ceremony—and, all not being provided with torches, some, kindled wisps of straw, which, altogether, produced a spectacle at once imposing and sublime.—Our august Emperor, himself, was moved when informed of the touching scene.—He cannot shed one tear, unless it were, as your Milton Shake-the-peer, in his Paradise poem, has it,

“ Tears such as the angels are very apt to weep.”

But his great heart felt for yours, for it knows how to sympathise with the sufferings of the soldier, as his vast genius entitles him to the eternal devotion of the great nation, whom his Eagles conduct, from victory to victory, to endless glory. Assuredly France stands in a most imposing attitude with regard to

the rest of Europe.—The English are a nation of sages — the French, a nation of heroes.—The English think — the Frenchman feels.—The English are the greatest of men — the French are demigods.—In fine, if France were blotted from the map, England would be the first country in the world.

“ At the close of the touching ceremony, one of our grenadiers observed, “ Such is the end of greatness— a heap of powder is all that remains of Lord Marston — never again to rise, or be animated with the breath of life.” — Sublime word! which shows what profound thinkers the progress of illumination has rendered each simple particular of whom the great nation is composed.—The Duchess, my wife, desires a thousand friendships on her part.—My daughters, la Comtesse de la Boue de St. Amand and la Marquise de Nouveauriche, desire to assure your lordship of their tender remembrance.—If you see My Lady Arlington, they implore

you to tell her they have not forgot her successes at Paris — her air, almost as charming as a Frenchwoman's — and her declamation, like Mademoiselle Mars. — It was a fine moment for her, when the august Emperor (then Consul), turning to Marshal Duroc, asked “Who is that?” — The Prince, my son, would write, but, though he understands English perfectly, he unhappily does not possess the facility of expressing himself in that fine language with the nobleness and grace which his father acquired, to pass away the time he had the pleasure and happiness of spending in an English prison.

“ I have the honour to assure your lordship of my devoted attachment.

(Signed) . . “ Maraud,

“ Prince de Champignon,

“ Maréchal-Duc de Monte-scélerato.”

## CHAP. XIII.

Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false.  
 The thought is falser far —  
 For some of them are true as martyrs' legends,  
 As full of suffering faith, of burning love,  
 Of high devotion.

*Bertram.*

So eager was Alured to prove to Lord Trelawney his obedience “in all things permitted,” that he arrived at Lord Marston’s sooner than the most sanguine calculations of his friends had allowed them to expect. There he found assembled the mournful family party — all but *one*. After Leonora, though his eyes involuntarily wandered in search of her, Alured durst not trust himself to enquire. He was received with the warmest welcome by his friends, now Lord and Lady Marston. Lord Trelawney.

held out his hand to him in token of cordial reconciliation, and the past seemed, by mutual agreement, to be forgotten.

“ Your presence will be a great comfort, my dear Alured, to Lord Trelawney,” said Lady Marston, “ for now that Leonora is unavoidably absent — ” Vere trembled at this exordium. — Was Leonora, indeed, already married, or might he hope the death of the late Lord Marston happened so as to postpone her nuptials? — What Lady Marston added put the matter out of doubt. — “ It is a time at which we could ill spare her : ” she said, “ we only resigned her to a claim to which all others must give way.”

Alured put his hand to his head — he felt the room swim round him ; but, ashamed of retaining so much weakness, he rallied his spirits, and turned to other subjects. — With all the delicacy and address he was master of, he introduced the circumstance of his meeting with the unhappy Monthermer, and touched upon the

consequences of their ensuing interview.—Alured observed with pleasure, that Lord Trelawney seemed rather relieved than distressed by having his attention directed to a different subject than that of his recent loss.

He lent an attentive ear to all that his grandson said, and appointed him the next morning in his study to read him the contents of the papers.—Alured learnt, in return, that this Mr. Monthermer, after having so many years enjoyed the confidence of Lord Trelawney in the quality of his lordship's private secretary, had been, at length, rather suddenly dismissed, in consequence of certain mal-practices in his official capacity. These had been discovered and brought to light by the indefatigable zeal of Mr. Arnold, a gentleman originally introduced to the earl by Mr. Monthermer, and who had now succeeded him in the place of Lord Trelawney's private secretary.—As Alured and his lordship were

conversing, a letter was brought in to Lady Marston. — “ Lay it aside — it is for Miss Montresor,” she said. • He heard no more.

“ Miss Montresor — Leonora is then not — not yet Lady Ormandsworth?”

“ No, nor ever likely to be so,” answered Lady Marston, with a sigh ; for reasons of family policy had, by this time, completely conquered that lady’s former predilection for Vere as a husband for Leonora.

Alured did not ask another question — did not ask her to explain the meaning of the mysterious expression, “ a claim to which all others must give way :” he seemed rather to fear risking his present satisfaction by endeavouring to render the source of it more distinct. — Relieved from an oppressive weight of apprehension — happy in the present, sanguine as to the future, his spirits rose in proportion to their former depression — he exerted himself to exhilarate those of his aged relative, —

All charming as were his usual manners, never had Alured been so delightful in conversation. He had the pleasure of observing his own success, for, with renewed cordiality of manner, Lord Trellawney pressed his hand, exclaiming, “ You are a true Montresor — I am not yet quite bereaved.”

The following morning was a trying one, to both Alured and the earl.—It was devoted to the examination of Monthermer’s letter. His narrative unveiled a scene of duplicity, which made these noble and reconciled relatives shudder ; but the heads of it having been already briefly touched upon, it is only necessary to add, that the conviction of his child’s sincere repentance induced Lord Trellawney to pay a late but energetic tribute of affection to her memory — a tribute which was balm to the heart of her tenderly attached son. Reverting then to the subject of their former disagreement, “ You are a noble fellow, Alured,” he

said, “ and I was a peevish, passionate old man ; but you should not have taken me at my word. I believe, as my granddaughter Leonora once said, we only resemble each other too much. May you, however, be more fortunate in your choice of friends. I am ashamed of the injustice I have done you, but shall repair it the first opportunity.”

In a confidential *tête-à-tête* with Lady Marston, Alured was informed of particulars scarcely less interesting to him. In it he learned “ to what an excess he was beloved.” This lady, who was never very discreet, and who thought that, as Leonora had been determined “ to throw away her fortune,” all further concealments were needless, gave him a full and detailed account of all that had happened in his absence.

After resisting, as much as it was in her gentle nature to resist, the representations of her father and stepmother in favour of Lord Ormandsworth, Lord Tre-

lawney had undertaken to conquer, and when did Trelawney fail? — With all the influence of his venerable years, and the relationship in which he stood to her — with that persuasive eloquence which had been accustomed to turn the scale in listening senates,—he addressed himself to the feelings of a timid, affectionate girl—dwelt on his blasted prospects, his desolate age, the numerous misfortunes of his family, which he had trusted, till now, she would, in part, have repaired by a brilliant marriage. He said it had been the hope of his heart to see his Leonora advantageously established — adverted to the declining health of Lord Marston, who, by his last accounts, was considered as in a very precarious state —and after summing up all his domestic calamities, made a last appeal to the tenderness and compassion of Leonora,— an appeal which she would assuredly have found it impossible to resist in any matter which did not so intimately in-

volve the dearest interests of her life. It was in this interval that Lady Marston (then Mrs. Montresor), believing the earl must be successful, ordered that letter to be written to the housekeeper of Toscar Castle, which had thrown Vere into such despair. She had often heard Lord Ormandsworth, without directly adverting to his marriage, express a wish to see this celebrated old castle ; and, conscious that it was *un peu délabré*, Mrs. Montresor, empowered by Lord Trelawney, took this opportunity of giving orders that it should be rendered habitable.

Mean time Leonora's thoughts were bent on discovering some means to escape this family persecution. She dreaded the anger of Lord Trelawney, and could not bring herself, singly, to encounter it. At length, Miss Montresor determined to throw herself wholly on the generosity of Lord Ormandsworth. She requested a private interview with

him; and in this conference endeavoured, without wounding his vanity, to describe the distressing predicament in which she stood, between the desire which the earl and her parents entertained for his lordship's alliance, and her own earnest wish to — to remain unmarried.

Poor Leonora brought out this last expression rather awkwardly, and Lord Ormandsworth easily guessed the virgin passion that her lips refused to avow. He had too high a spirit even to wish to continue his suit. With a generous delicacy, he spared her all farther confusion, by taking every thing upon himself — spared Miss Montresor the alarm, arising almost to agony, of offending all those whose love she held most dear. With the assistance of Mrs. Montresor's mediation, whom Leonora at length gained over to her party, and who was aware of the worthy motives that actuated Lord Ormandsworth, these various clash-

ing interests and angry spirits were conciliated, and the match was broken off with less talk and less scandal than is usual on such occasions.

His curiosity satisfied with regard to Leonora and Lord Ormandsworth, Alured's next question was respecting the "claim" which now kept her from her family.

"What! don't you know it?" exclaimed Lady Marston; "Poor Lady Arlington!—she is certainly dying—expressed a wish to see her through my son Wentworth.—There had been a coldness, but neither Leonora nor I could think of refusing her."

"Dying!" Alured started.—It seemed to him that he must dream. A thousand painful and pleasing recollections at once rushed on his memory with that name. So many ideas of gaiety and fashion, of loveliness and pleasure, were associated in his mind with the beautiful vision of Lady Arlington, that it was

some moments before he could unite it to the cold and gloomy image of death.

At this moment a letter was delivered to Lady Marston. It was from Leonora. Seeing Alured eager to know the contents, her ladyship good-naturedly handed it over to him.

“ Clevelands.

“ They will not flatter me with much hope, my dear madam, yet sometimes I venture to indulge it. My dear invalid continues in the same state. Yesterday, Dr. H—— told me positively, that she inherited her mother's delicacy of constitution, and was not calculated to have lived long, from the tendency to a mortal complaint, quite independent of the cold she caught, or any previous agitations of mind. Would you believe it, this assurance gives me a kind of melancholy consolation.— You may suppose, I carefully concealed his opinion from the beloved sufferer;

but I have reason to think that, some way or other, she knows it.—I ground my belief upon a broken expression she dropped the other day. You know Ellen is no weak complainer. There are *two names* that never pass her lips.—Yesterday, after seeming some time absorbed in reverie, she gently murmured, “ If *they* had known that, I think they would have waited ;” then, sighing, added, “ It was hardly worth while to break my heart.”—Turning her beautiful dark eyes on me, with that expression of exquisite languishment for which they were so remarkable, she afterwards continued, “ I have no weak fears of dying ; but if it were otherwise, I should remember the answer of the Duchess de la Vallière to those who represented to her the austerities to which she would be condemned as a Carmelite. Looking at the King and Madame de Montespan, she replied,— “ *Quand je serai tenté de me plaindre, je songerai à tout ce que ces deux personnes m'ont fait souffrir.*”

“ Henry is very much with her, giving her that support he is so well able to impart. To-day Lady Arlington said, “Oh, that I had earlier known my true friends! that I could live over my life again!— But you have taught me,” she added, while a celestial expression irradiated her countenance, “that *this* life is only the beginning of virtuous friendships; and what I shall lose on earth, I gain in heaven.”

Alured perused the letter to the end with increasing interest: every line breathed the pure and tender soul of Leonora.— “ Loveliest creature!” he mentally exclaimed, “the cause that prolongs our separation gives me fresh reason to admire you. Alas! for what trials is that gentle heart still reserved! How shall we meet, Leonora, when at length we *do* meet again?— In tears and sorrow, but in that sorrow there will be sweetness.”

Nothing remained for Alured but to

stay where he was, and await, with what patience he could, Leonora's being restored to the bosom of her family. — Her *release*, according to the common phrase, could not be far distant ; till then, he applied himself to supporting the spirits of his uncle and Lord Trellawney.

## CHAP. XIV.

Dis-leurs que j'ai donné la mort la plus affreuse  
 A la plus digne femme, à la plus vertueuse  
 Dont le ciel ait formé les innocens appas —

\* \* \* \* \*

Dis-leurs que je l'adorois — que je l'ai vengé.

VOLTAIRE. Zaire.

LEONORA had, now, been three weeks at Clevelands, and it was evident that the period of her painful, though self-imposed duties, was drawing to a close. From the time of the violent shower from which she had taken refuge at Hazlebrook, Lady Arlington's health appeared more than usually delicate. She caught a severe cold, and for some days was feverish. No alarming symptoms appeared, however, at that time; but,

soon afterwards, her health began slowly to decline ; and the gradual wasting of spirits and strength warned her of the probability of danger. It was then that, as her more worldly connections and pleasures faded from her mind, the recollection of her early and virtuous friendship returned with all its former force. Her desire to be reconciled to Leonora became lively in the extreme. Still, the request was preferred to Henry with the utmost humility ; and a wish, rather than a hope, to see Miss Montresor, was with hesitation and diffidence expressed. The moment Leonora learnt the situation of her friend, she flew to her couch of suffering ; and in this she had no fear of being crossed by her parents, the goodnatured and generous temper of Lord and Lady Marston inclining them both equally to approve of the action.

Constantia Newborough was with her lovely and suffering sister-in-law ; and

appeared to more advantage in a sick room than in any other scene. She was occasionally relieved by Aurelia and Lady Prenderghast. But the vivacity of the one, and the volubility of the other, soon became too much for the drooping invalid. Lady Arlington now seldom liked to talk, but she used to look pleased when she saw Leonora and Wentworth in the room with her; and they would sometimes force a conversation upon indifferent topics, to divert her mind from the constant contemplation of her own sufferings. One day, Ellen looked earnestly at Leonora. Her air had an assumed cheerfulness, and her dress, which was white, was one of uncommon elegance.

“ My dear Leonora,” said Lady Arlington, in a low, distinct voice, while a smile of angelic beauty played for a moment on her emaciated features, “ you look, to-day, like a bride; and a little bird whispers me you soon will

be one—not the bride of Lord Ormandsworth, but of one you like better.” Then resuming her usual soft seriousness, she added, “ Leonora, you have taught me the difference between a Christian and a fashionable friend.—You resigned me from principle, and returned to me from —”

“ Dearest Ellen,” interrupted Leonora, with difficulty suppressing her tears, “ my heart never resigned you.”

“ Mr. Wentworth,” she resumed, “ you too are a Christian friend.—Oh, how all other distinctions—all other claims vanish at this moment.”

“ You deserve more and better friends.—You are, and ever were, an angel,” exclaimed Henry, overcome with the continuance of his sufferings, and forgetting, in the thought of losing her, all his usual reserved calmness of manner.

At this instant a message was brought to Miss Montresor. A gentleman desired

particularly to speak to her. — In an instant the hectic was transferred from Ellen's cheek to that of Leonora. She knew, by this time, of Alured's arrival in England; and the idea that he was come to seek her involuntarily crossed her mind. Trembling, she descended the staircase, and found herself in the presence of Captain Mandeville! — Aware of the full extent of her friend's wrongs, Leonora turned almost sick at the sight; she motioned him to a chair, and sunk upon one herself, totally unable to utter a syllable.—Had her mind been less pre-occupied, she would have been shocked by the dreadful alteration in the late gay, gallant Captain Mandeville, whom she had been used occasionally to meet in society in London. He had travelled all night — his dress was neglected, and his air haggard in the extreme, — but nothing was so striking as the dreadful ravages that contending passions had made in his countenance and features.

“ I see I inspire you with horror, Miss Montresor,” he said, in a hoarse inward voice. “ I inspire myself with it.—Still, as the friend of Ellen—of Lady Arlington—I venture to implore you, if you are capable of any compassion for a wretch already tortured with the pangs of —”

“ Speak your request quickly, Captain Mandeville,” said Leonora, in a tremulous voice; “ I cannot long leave my dying friend.”

“ Dying!” repeated Mandeville, wildly; “ Can I not see her?”

“ Impossible — I dare not propose it ; she only sits up two hours in the day, and the least agitation —”

“ Then, at least, convey a message to her,” resumed Mandeville, with forced calmness. — “ Tell her, that the triumph of falsehood and treachery is incomplete. Tell her, that I have broke, for ever, with the fiend who fancied she had my heart. — She never had it, — she never

obtained more than a cold and partial sacrifice — a heart given, as withdrawn, in bitterness. — But 'tis over — we have parted — and her last, fiendish laugh of disappointed malice, vanity, and passion still rings discordantly in my ears."

Touched by the genuine sorrow and repentance his words expressed, Miss Montresor began to think she had been too abrupt and harsh in her refusals. There was something in the manner of Mandeville, even when he was seen under the most disadvantageous circumstances, that was singularly fascinating, particularly to the female sex. He, at length, so far won upon the compassion of the gentle Leonora, who knew too well the force of love herself, as to induce her to be the bearer of a message from him to her friend.

The moment Leonora approached Lady Arlington's couch, she perceived, by her countenance, that the indiscretion of her attendants had revealed the cir-

cumstance of Mandeville's being in the house. She made a sign to Miss Montresor to speak. Conveying the intelligence in as gentle a manner as possible, Leonora briefly gave Ellen to understand the present situation of Captain Mandeville, his revived attachment to her, and added some words, in a hesitating manner, respecting the ardent desire he had expressed to see her.

"If you wish me to live a few days longer, my dear friend," replied Ellen, collecting energy to speak, "do not — do not ask it."

This was decisive. — The despair and frenzy of Captain Mandeville, at this refusal, exceeded even what Leonora had anticipated. He vented it in vehement self-reproaches; in execrations of Lady Valmorden. It was but the day before he had discovered the extent of her artifices. She had contrived to separate him from Ellen by a tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentations, such as could never have

entered into any mind, but one the most habituated to treachery and deceit. Proud of her triumph, she had communicated it, by letter, to a female friend, who, also, had made pretensions to the heart of Captain Mandeville. Of this, Lady Valmorden was totally ignorant ; but, in the moment that she was congratulating herself on the complete success of her stratagems, this friend, stung with envy, resolved Captain Mandeville should be undeceived ; and putting into his hands the open letter, unveiled to him, when it was too late, the complicated treachery of which he had been a victim.

“ Oh, if you could conceive the arts she used,” he continued, “ to fascinate, to dazzle, and deceive me.—Lady Arlington would not see me : — she persuaded me it was indifference — inconstancy. — She named another person — a person who, I have since discovered, was most devotedly attached to *you*. — Still Ellen fixed a time when we should meet. Lady

Valmorden accused her of coldness and caprice in this delay :— but the master-stroke —”

“ Oh spare me, I beseech you, Captain Mandeville,” exclaimed Leonora, weeping ; “ spare me these explanations — indeed, indeed they come too late — I cannot bear these scenes.”

“ I was wrong,” exclaimed Mandeville ; then, looking earnestly at her — “ Miss Montresor, you have compassion,” he said, — “ say but one word to me — I implore it as an alms — say, even though you know it cannot be — that you think she may recover —”

Leonora cast down her eyes, and was silent. — Mandeville wrung her hand in deep-felt, speechless agony, and turned some moments from her. Leonora rose to withdraw. Before they parted, he informed her that he, now, had interest to get himself appointed to a ship that was one of a squadron intended to be sent out for the purposes of discovery. The expedition had been long talked of, and

the most sanguine expectations were entertained of the benefits to be derived from its success.

"Some will undertake it," he said, "with a view to fame—some from the prospect of emolument:—my only hope is—never to return."

"Leonora, my love," said Ellen, "you have had a long conference with — what did he say to you?"

With all the caution she could command, and at different intervals, Miss Montresor related to Lady Arlington as much as she could bear of the preceding conversation. When it was concluded, she bowed her head, with a gentle but dignified air, in which conscious worth appeared mingled with tenderness. It seemed as if she wished to have said, "He has, then, at last, done me justice." At length she observed, speaking slowly and with difficulty, "I am glad—for *his own sake*—he is not to marry—that infidel woman."

But, soon, its latent tenderness returned to that heart which was destined in so short a time to vibrate to human tenderness no more.

“ Poor Mandeville !” she said, for the first time, after many months, pronouncing the forbidden name—“ I wish, *for his sake*, I could have borne to see him. Give him this ring, Leonora, when I am gone, and tell him every thing is forgot—except our early, innocent attachment.”

Leonora knew, by Ellen’s being able to pronounce the name of Mandeville, that some great change had taken place in her mind, or that she must be conscious her end was fast approaching. Still it was *for his sake*, and *his* happiness, she desired, with all the disinterested tenderness of woman’s love, that events had been ordered otherwise.—For herself, Ellen retained no human wishes. She now seldom spoke, but often smiled, as if employed in silent converse with herself. They were such smiles as might

have beamed on the countenances of dying saints, already visited by consoling ministers from heaven. Happening to leave her poor friend for a few moments, the feelings of Leonora were tried in a different, but almost as painful manner, as they had been in the morning. She found Lady Arlington's little daughter, Clementina, weeping bitterly, and all the ordinary methods of soothing her quite ineffectual. At length, being affectionately urged by Leonora to tell what had so agitated her, the little girl, throwing her arms around Miss Montresor's neck, and sobbing, replied, “ ‘Tis what I heard them saying just now, when they did not think I listened. Nurse whispered to Maitland, looking at me, “ Poor child! she soon will lose her mother.” O, if I am to lose my dear mamma, will you be my mamma?”

“ Will I? — for ever.—So may Heaven forsake me if ever I forsake thee, thou only remembrancer of Ellen!”

Leonora cast up her beautiful eyes to heaven in ratification of her vow, and she was soon called upon to keep it. Lady Arlington lived but a few days longer. A considerable time previous to her death, she had not only been completely reconciled to the consolatory doctrines of our church, but had been assiduous in the performance of all the observances it enjoins. The same feeling continued, only increasing in fervency to the last. Wentworth administered to her the solemn sacrament that was the pledge of her entering upon the hope of a blessed immortality ; and beloved, lamented, and admired by all, Ellen calmly resigned a life, marked by a thousand virtues, and only shaded by a few failings, which were, it is to be hoped, completely expiated by her long and unmerited sufferings.

## CHAP. XV.

He, of whom these pages tell,  
 He, a soldier too — of truth —  
 He, a hero from his youth,  
 How delightfully he fell !  
 Witness (for ye saw him die)  
 Heard you complaint, or groan, or sigh ?  
 Or if one sigh breathed o'er his breast —  
 As gentle airs when days of summer close,  
 Breathe over wearied nature's still repose  
 And lull a lovely eve to rest ;  
 It whispered — “ All within is peace  
 The storm is o'er and sorrows cease.”

*Ode on the Death of Melanchthon*

THE meeting between Alured and Leonora, after this melancholy event, was mournful, but exquisitely tender.

Alured was still at Lord Marston's, when a packet arrived for him, which, from its size and foreign appearance, excited his immediate attention. What was his

emotion on discovering it to be a communication from Sicily. Prince Felipe Gaudiano was dead — had died unmarried ; and this letter was from a confidential person, the notary employed in drawing up his will. It began with congratulations to Vere, as the only remaining heir to the title and estates of Chiaramonte. — The letter proceeded to state that, some days previous to his demise, the Prince had signed an instrument, professing his belief that Sir Alured Vere was the only person existing who could advance such a claim after himself ; and desiring he would make use of this paper in support of his right of succession, should any one presume to question it. By the whole tenor of the notary's letter, who seemed to be an honest and conscientious man, it appeared as if Prince Gaudiano had, during his latter days, been divided between the fear of having his memory loaded with eternal infamy as one who had taken ad-

vantage of the friendlessness and ignorance of a stranger, and the desire, before his death, of performing one act of justice to the man whom he was conscious he had wronged.

The letter concluded with a statement of the revenues of the three estates at Naples, at Catanea, and Messina. The villa at Messina, being personal property of the late Count, was the only portion of the bequest that had not been wrested from Alured; but still his remittances had been very scantily and irregularly paid. All the papers and parchments relating to these possessions were announced as being on their way to Sir Alured Vere. — Concluding with a modest hope that he would still be left in the administration of a property which had devolved upon a gentleman for whom he had ever entertained a most singular though secret respect, Signor Bartholo Barbagiano ended in true Italian style, by subscribing himself the new count's

“ Umilíssimo, divotíssimo, ed ossequiosíssimo servitóre.”

Here, then, were all Alured's scruples at once laid at rest. The first use he made of his good fortune was to lay open the state of his feelings to his first friend and patron Lord Marston, and to request that blessing at his hands, which it so long had been the most ardent wish of his heart. He met with no opposition in that quarter. Lord Marston had always considered the mutual partiality of Alured and Leonora with indulgence, and regretted that motives of family policy opposed a bar to their union.

“ You see the force of first love, my Clara,” he said, reverting, with Lady Marston, to his favourite system. “ Alured, after all his wanderings, after having sung and sighed for a thousand beauties, returns to the one who awoke his first affections, and only asks permission to be constant.”

With Lord Trelawney, Vere had a little more difficulty. That nobleman

still adhered to his original opinion of its being the duty of a family to strengthen itself by alliances ; but, it being suggested to him, that the union of Alured and Leonora was the only possible means of ensuring to the descendants of his beloved Charles any portion of the honours he had himself so hardly earned, the earl was, at length, induced to give a cordial, and, upon the whole, a gracious consent.

Looking forward to be united to his cousin, and heir presumptive to the earldom of Trelawney, Alured, when established in possession of his foreign estates, did not reassume the title which made him appear a foreigner to English ears. — “ We will reserve it,” he said, “ 'till Leonora and I travel together in Sicily.” But he always signed any letter or paper of consequence, “ Vere-Chiaramonte.”

During the early period of her grief for the loss of her much-regretted friend,

Alured, with attentive delicacy, abstained from pressing his suit with Leonora. She did not neglect to transmit to Captain Mandeville the ring that had been the dying bequest of his long-loved Ellen, together with her assurances of forgiveness. The packet reached him just as he was on the eve of embarkation.

Armed with these precious, though late remembrances as with a talisman, Mandeville gave up the whole of his glowing soul to glory, as love, with him, was buried in the grave. In after-life, he promised to add one instance to the truth of Alured's observation, that the imposing edifice of public fame is often erected upon the ruins of private happiness.

Distinguished alike for the ardour of his researches, for his talent, and intrepidity, Captain Mandeville was looked upon by the government he served, as one of the brightest ornaments of that profession, to the highest honours of which he was certain in time of arriving.

— Beloved and valued by his country, he increased the sum of her knowledge, he extended the bounds of her empire. As the adoring lover and husband of Lady Arlington, he would, perhaps, never have acquired the same celebrity. Whether he would not have been happier is a different question.

To return to the recent events — Scarcely had Leonora dried up the tears which the death of Lady Arlington had forced to flow, when her affectionate heart was alarmed, and that of Lady Marston agonized, by the contents of a letter from Hazlebrook Rectory.

A short time after the death of Lady Arlington, a young man, the son of a very worthy and valued parishioner, was taken up for uttering a forged note, and lodged in the county gaol. The wretched parents sought their pastor, and found no difficulty of access ; for Wentworth's house was as open to the poor and dis-

tressed as to himself. Entertaining not the slightest hope of his acquittal, what grieved them most was the hardened impenitent state of their son, who, being ruined by bad company, seemed utterly indifferent and callous as to his approaching fate.

“ Oh, if your Reverence could but get to speak to him,” said the poor woman, clasping her hands in agony ; “ if I could hope my Edward would not leave the world an impenitent sinner.”

— Henry did not hesitate a moment : he immediately set out for \* \* \* \*, the county town. The prisoner was young, was his parishioner.—To reclaim this stray sheep to his fold he thought no effort too much. He gained admission to him. Still the difficulties to his undertaking were even greater than he at first had imagined. Zeal and love ultimately prevailed ; and before the fatal day of his execution arrived, the unhappy

young man was brought to receive, with humble thankfulness, the glad tidings of pardon and peace beyond the grave.— But Henry's life fell the sacrifice of his generous devotion. A fever was in the gaol. He sickened of it the day after he returned home; and an express was soon dispatched to Lady Marston, informing her that she must hasten to her son if she wished to see him alive.— It is not my intention to dwell upon a deathbed scene— even such as Henry Wentworth's. Suffice it to say, she found her son perfectly sensible, and content, resigned, even joyful to die. He seemed greatly gratified at seeing his mother. Henry had the additional support of the presence of his brother, John Wentworth, who had been some months at home, and loved him with all a sailor's warm affection.

Observing Lady Marston unable to restrain the excess of her sorrow,— “ My dear mother,” he said, “ do not

weep for me. I was never happy in this world — I never could have been happy. You wished me married—I should have been wretched in marriage—” He paused.

“ Oh, my dearest Wentworth,” exclaimed Lady Marston, weeping, “ married or single, you that are so amiable, so good, must be ever valued, ever——”

“ Cease these undue praises,” said Henry, while a slight hectic suffused his cheek ; “ there is none good but God.” — Nay, do not start, mother : cold, correct, austere as I may have sometimes appeared, I AM NOT A GOOD MAN.”

“ Don’t say so — don’t say so, my best, my dearest brother,” said poor John Wentworth, weeping bitterly : “ if you don’t go aloft, no mortal ever will.”

“ I say but the truth,” resumed Henry, deeply sighing : “ I never was good — One secret sin continued to cleave to me — ’Twas but a thought, a wish, a feeling — but it calls, loudly calls for expiation. My life has been a life of continued

strugg'le. Truly hath the wise man said, "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

Henry spoke no more upon that subject; and Lady Marston, never very acute, set the whole to the account of the ravings of his fever.

The ensuing evening, as his mother was watching beside him, he requested her to tell him the day of the month. Lady Marston answered it was the 10th. Lady Arlington had died on the 10th of the preceding. "Oh, this was more than I deserved," whispered Henry to himself, in a murmuring voice, "thus soon—thus, on the same day—to follow her!"

Silence ensued. It was the silence of death. These were the last words Henry uttered; and the maternal sorrows of Lady Marston, as soon as her loss was known, were re-echoed from the hearts of his attached parishioners. It was a

day of universal mourning at Hazlebrook. Every one seemed as if deprived of a son, a brother, or a friend. The knowledge that he had lost his life in the zealous discharge of his duty—of his duty to a parishioner who, though stained with guilt and error, had, by his zealous and affectionate labours, been recalled to the paths of penitence, heightened the sorrow and regret his fate excited. Among Catholics, his name would probably have been canonized with martyred saints. As it was, he was more—he was embalmed in the hearts of a simple and affectionate people.

Injured already, both in health and spirits, by the untimely and shocking fate of her youngest and favourite son Frederic, poor Lady Marston would have sunk completely under this cruel and aggravated stroke, but for the affectionate and dutiful attentions of her daughter Rosabella, and her son, John Wentworth, who showed by his conduct, that, what-

ever roughness he might choose among strangers to assume, he possessed a true British sailor's tenderness of heart.—Lord Marston, too, with all the watchful attention of genuine attachment, wrote over to Albemarle Wentworth, urging him as soon as he could possibly obtain leave of absence from his regiment, to hasten to the support of his afflicted parent. He was soon obeyed. Major Wentworth, for he had been recently promoted, added one to the circle assembled around Lady Marston. The affectionate attentions of her husband, the presence of two beloved and promising sons, one of whom she had not embraced for many years, and the dutious sympathy of Alured and Leonora, calmed by degrees the sufferings of her severely wounded mind, and restored Lady Marston to the wishes of her family and friends.

Mean time the bright eyes of Miss Constantia Newborough (bright even after all the tears she had shed for

Ernest Montresor) had been making sad havoc in the heart of the Major. Aurelia Newborough was the first to make the discovery. The three ladies, Leonora, Aurelia, and Constantia, were seated in Miss Montresor's dressingroom one morning, when Aurelia, suddenly raising her head from its meditative posture, made a gesture to enforce attention, and then exclaimed, " Of all things upon this earth, I do love to see young majors and colonels!" — Both ladies making a little start of surprise at this extraordinary ejaculation, " I mean," resumed Aurelia, laughing and colouring, " you know very well what I mean. — In general, the " pretty young men" of a regiment are subalterns, and those of higher rank a parcel of ugly old frights — married, and of no use — But when a man is at once young and a field-officer — Constantia, if I were you, I would not hesitate a moment."

Constantia stared at her sister in

silence ; and Leonora smiled at Aurelia's manner of " thinking aloud."

" Aurelia has guessed right, my love," said she, embracing Constantia, " and has spared me the trouble of discovering a way to communicate Major Wentworth's sentiments to you. Yes, Constantia, I am commissioned by Sydney Albemarle to be his advocate —"

" My heart has long been dead to love," interrupted the melancholy Constantia ; " but all I can bestow, Major Wentworth is already in possession of — my warmest friendship and esteem."

Sydney Wentworth was the kind of man to whom young ladies are very apt to accord their esteem. Of all Lady Marston's children, he was the only one that strikingly resembled her. — Major Albemarle Wentworth possessed that regular, glowing, *conquering* style of beauty for which his mother had been so much celebrated in her early days. He had also obtained the reputa-

tion of distinguished merit and gallantry in his profession.

The ice being thus broken, the young major soon prevailed upon the mild and modest Constantia to yield a timid consent to his wishes, as soon as Leonora should have confirmed the happiness of Sir Alured Vere. Upon this article Constantia stood firm. She would not be married till after her kindest, most valuable friend.

“ Mayhap, Sydney,” said Jack, “ since marrying’s the go, Miss Aurelia would make no objection to me, if I plucked up courage to pop the question.—She’s a devilish pretty girl, and dresses divinely.—When I set out from this again, I think it would be no bad plan for us to hop the twig at the same time.”

“ I would not have you flatter yourself,” returned the officer, smiling: “ it was but yesterday she called you Wretch !”

“ And the day before, Monster ! Poh !

that's what *makes* me flatter myself. They say young ladies never treat men so but when they are dying for love of them."

John Wentworth accordingly told Aurelia his tender tale, which, notwithstanding the favourable symptoms above enumerated, was received with some haughtiness by the fair.

" Well, brother," said Jack, " I mean to keep a good heart. To be sure you got more by poor Henry's death than I did, and are my elder brother too.— I'll take another cruize, and if I've any luck when I come home, I'll try my chance again.— Mayhap my angel may not always be so cruel."

While these marriages were in agitation, Lady Marston began to feel a little surprise that Alured, possessed of the esteem and consent of the whole family, did not appear in haste to urge his union with Leonora. Enjoying all the heaven of mutual and ratified affec-

tion, they seemed to look no farther than the present moment ; but her ladyship, who since the numerous and cruel losses her family had experienced, felt her love more than ever concentrated in Leonora, was really in, what she termed, “ a fidget” about them. Lord Trelawney’s consent had been yielded rather unwillingly to their union ; and nothing more, perhaps, was required, than for some splendid offer to present itself, to induce that nobleman to withdraw it, on the plea of Vere’s apparent dilatoriness in claiming his promise. She determined to speak to Alured.— Yet how to manage it was the difficulty. “ After all, Leonora, though dear to me as a daughter, is *not* my own daughter,” Lady Marston said to herself, “ so I need not have quite so much delicacy as mothers.”

Finding herself one day alone with Vere, she began, with what little address she was mistress of—“ You know

Alured, I make it a rule never to interfere in other people's affairs — nothing is more unbecoming — *therefore* I cannot help observing that your conduct is the strangest I ever met with in mortal man. — You and Leonora prefer each other to every body in the world — you have proved it pretty well on both sides. — You have obtained her father's and her own consent — and yet — and yet — don't you think there is some fear of Lord Trelawney's withdrawing his promise if you don't urge Leonora to — ”

“ My dear madam,” interrupted Vere, with a smile that the god of love might not have disowned, “ Leonora and I are enjoying the halcyon days of courtship — the happiest of human life — would you think of abridging them ? ”

Her ladyship then applied to Lord Marston. He rallied her uneasiness, for he was in Alured's secret, but gave

his Clara sundry hints he did not esteem her a Violante.

“ Well,” exclaimed Lady Marston in despair, “ Alured, we all know, is a poet, and a genius, *and all that sort of thing*. — I don’t, for my part, pretend to understand geniuses or poets, nor ever did. — He is, and ever will be, to me, I suppose, incomprehensible.”

## CHAP. XVI,

Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,  
 By passion driven,  
 But yet the light that led astray  
 Was light from Heaven.

BURNS.

ONE morning, the family party were assembled at breakfast, when a letter was delivered to Alured, which appeared to be one upon business. He began reading it with avidity, and then, suddenly rubbing his hands, and dropping a cup of coffee he was drinking, exclaimed, “Good, good, do you hear this, my lord — Radcliffe says I may be married as soon as I please.”

“And who is Radcliffe?” asked Leonora, half smiling, half pouting.

"A very good friend of mine, without whose advice I could not have proceeded in this affair. Leonora, will you let it be to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" repeated Lady Marston: "I think you allow a good deal of time for bridal paraphernalia."

"By Heavens it shall be this day eight days at farthest—I will have it so," said Alured, knitting his brow with the air of a youthful Sultan, while he playfully bade his beautiful features assume an expression of momentary, but absolute determination. "This day eight days it shall be—or never."—

"Despotic wretch!" exclaimed Leonora, "I have a great mind it shall be never."

Though her nuptials were not postponed much longer than Vere had proposed, nothing was omitted that could conduce to the elegance and splendour of his lovely bride's appearance. Still, during the days the marriage was yet delayed, he never explained to her who

that mysterious personage was, without whose advice and permission he could not have concluded it. Leonora requested Mrs. Montresor's permission to name, as one of her brides-maids, Constantia Newborough, by whose gentle affectionate disposition she had felt much attracted. By the tender and unremitting attentions of Leonora, Constantia had first been restored to the world and to herself. We are apt to consider our own work with partial fondness, and Miss Montresor, perhaps, felt more attachment for her friend, than if she had been possessed of that strength of mind which requires neither support nor consolation.

The day that Alured was united to Leonora, he could have gladly dispensed with the congratulations that numerous well-disposed friends were pouring around him. He was not, however, thus easily to escape. As he was conducting his bride to her carriage, he was intercepted in the hall by a young woman of whose

face he had not the least recollection, but who, bobbing as many courtesies as Cicely Homespun, “ begged the pleasure of *spaking* a word to his honor’s honor, before he was after setting out.”

She was a broad-faced, rosy, fresh-coloured country girl. Alured looked at her with a mixture of surprise and impatience, and bade her speak on.

“ Plase your honor’s,” she began, “ your honor will be after remembering Biddy Bailey — Biddy Malone that was. — But I have cheenged my neem,” continued Biddy, speaking in her newly acquired, mincing English style, “ and am come to remind your honor of what your honor promised to settle whin —”

“ *I* promise!” repeated Vere, while Leonora, looking at him with an arch smile, full of tender confidence, said, “ Oh, Sir Alured! have I not yet heard of all your vagaries?”

“ Why, your honor knows,” resumed Biddy, “ your honor was after parting

with Mr. Bailey to Mr. Charleville of Merrion Square.” This was true; and Vere hastily bade her proceed.

“ Well,” she continued, “ my mistress, Mrs. Gatton, went to Bath with the chil-  
der for a complaint one of the dear little  
things had in its limbs,—and a sweet  
pirty child it was.—Well, who should us  
meet at Bath, but Mr. Charleville from  
Dublin, and *our* families was very *intimate*.  
Mr. Bailey was very glad to be at  
Bath, for Mr. Bailey is an Englishman  
born — a very genteel man to be sure—  
none of your low-lived clodhoppers as I  
could never abide.”

Observing a movement of impatience  
in Alured’s countenance, Mrs. Bailey  
rapidly continued, “ Well, Mr. Bailey’s  
father, a farmer at Chippenham, wouldn’t  
hear of his paying his addresses to me.  
So what does I do but writes to my ould  
mudder, who lives in the big castle beyant  
*say*, and tells her the whole story *out of*  
*the face*. My mudder’s more ‘cute and  
clever nor I, and why wouldn’t she, after

burying two husbands, and them all the husbands ever she had? So, sure enough, she writes to the ould one, that both Mr. Bailey and myself had the pleasure of your honor's acquaintance, and that your honor had promised her, whenever I married, to stock a small *farrum* for my husband. — And so, plase your honor, we was married," concluded Biddy, dropping a courtesy; "and I thravelled all this way to remind your honor,— and my husband sinds his love and duty to your honor, and would have waited on your honor himself, only he can't get *lave* from the master."

"And so you thought this an auspicious moment Biddy," interrupted Alured, beaming on her a smile of the most bewitching suavity.

"Who, *I* think it a suspicious moment!" exclaimed Biddy! "the Lord of Heaven forbid! — Only I taught it no harm jist to be after *reminding* your honor."

Now this promise had never been so

much as mentioned between Sir Alured and Mary Malone. He knew nothing of the treaty of marriage between Miss Biddy and his quondam servant Bailey ; and the whole was an ingenious fiction of the old lady's brain, by which, like other managing mammas she had succeeded in marrying off her daughter. He could not help admiring the native worldly wisdom of both mother and daughter, which had taught the one to avail herself, to the utmost, of an advantageous "*connexion,*" and the other (courtier-like) to seize the moment when she was least likely to meet a refusal to enforce her imaginary claims.

" Well, Biddy," said Sir Alured, " your mother has only anticipated my intentions in favour of James Bailey whenever he settled. He is an honest worthy fellow ; — and if he but makes you as good a husband as he has been a faithful servant to me, you will have nothing to complain of."

Before she withdrew, Vere learnt one

additional piece of news from Biddy Bailey. The death of Mr. Monthermer, of which her mother's last letter informed her.—“He *tuck* on mightily, they say,” pursued Biddy, “from the time your honor left the *place*,—never held up his head, like, after he *hard* you was gone to England, but *tuck* to his bed, poor *cratur*! and died.”

With unnumbered good wishes, Alured was now suffered to depart; and Leonora, whose spirits had been a little flurried by this unforeseen interruption, remained some moments silent in the carriage. Alured, on the contrary, was animated, to the most brilliant pitch of hilarity.

After they had proceeded some way, he said to Leonora, “Now you are travelling on, quite indifferent, like Mrs. Sullen, whether it is “east, west, north, or south.”—Pray do you know where you are going?”

“To the Cottage, are we not?” asked Leonora, for it had been settled that they should spend their honeymoon at Lord Trelawney’s Cottage at Southampton.

"To the Cottage!" repeated Alured, briskly; "no, indeed, not to the Cottage but to the Castle—what think you of Leolin Abbey?"

"Oh, that is the only place in the world which would make me melancholy," answered Leonora:—"to see those old ruins."—

"I am sorry for it," interrupted Vere; "for to Leolin Abbey you are certainly going."

He then changed the subject; and Leonora, accustomed, among all his excellencies, to observe starts of caprice intermingled, soon brought herself to consider the whole as a jest. Towards the end of her journey, however, she began indeed to perceive that she was in the part of the country which led to her former home. Soon afterwards, Leolin Abbey appeared in view; they drove up to the massive gateway which had not been destroyed by fire; and, lifting his trembling bride out of the carriage, Sir

Alured Vere, with a mixture of gallantry and tenderness, welcomed her to her home, and led her to the entrance of a noble suite of apartments that had been rebuilt in the Abbey.

Leonora started, while her lovely face became animated by the most vivid glow of surprise and delight at this unexpected pleasure. Part of the Abbey, that part which she had usually inhabited, had been rebuilt under Alured's direction, exactly after the same model as before. The furniture, however, was entirely new, and of the most elegant description. From the moment Vere had come into possession of his fortune, and obtained Lord Marston's consent to his marriage, he had requested permission to employ part of the ready money drawn from his Sicilian and Calabrian estates in rebuilding Leolin Abbey ; a scheme that he knew Lord Marston had long wished to put in execution, had he not been prevented by pecuniary difficulties. Alured said, that he wished to confirm in those

scenes that had witnessed the first ardent breathings of his juvenile affection, the happy choice of his maturer years; and desired, that a suite of apartments, at least, sufficient for Leonora to inhabit, might be completed before his marriage for the reception of his bride. Lord Marston easily perceived the delicacy which prompted his destined son-in-law thus to veil an offer of assistance; but, justly considering that their interests were for the future to be in common, did not hesitate to comply with the request; and, as we have seen, kept Sir Alured's secret most faithfully. Zeal and money united, urged the workmen to such a degree of celerity, that, in an incredibly short space of time, one suite of apartments was finished, exactly according to Vere's directions. Radcliffe was the name of the chief architect employed; it will therefore be allowed that his letter, announcing that every thing was completed; that the suite of rooms was finished, dried, aired, and ready, was one

of some little consequence to Alured. An old friend, who has of late been much neglected, was not among the last to welcome Leonora to her home. Sultan Selim, restored to all his former honors, showed, by his good appearance, that, in her absence, he had had a careful keeper. The noble and intelligent animal immediately recognized his lovely mistress ; and Sir Alured, when beholding the faithful lion once more caressed by his peerless Una, could live over, in imagination, the days of his early passion.

A new pleasure soon awaited Alured and Leonora. Lord Trelawney paid his grandchildren a visit at the Abbey, impatient, as he termed it, to *see* the improvements ; by which he meant, to be led about the rooms, and have their arrangements described to him. The sigh, and look of exquisite compassion which often stole over Lady Vere's fine features, when her aged relative used this word, describing a sense he could never more enjoy, was an additional

charm in the eyes of the adoring Sir Alured.

“ I see,” the Earl began, “ you have restored Leonora’s *boudoir* exactly to its former appearance, and the breakfast-parlour and dining room.—I shall be very glad to see the banqueting room rebuilt, and Lord Marston’s library—we must soon set about that. As for the rest, we may take our time.”

Among the elegant pleasures his lordship had formerly cultivated, a taste for painting, and the picturesque in landscape gardening, was one of the most predominant; and this rendered his present afflictive privation the more grievous. At Leolin Abbey, however, he seemed scarcely to lament it. Every part of his son’s domain was so deeply engraven on his memory, that he could point out its beauties to others, with an accuracy that often excited the liveliest surprise. His mind appeared the more tenacious of former objects presented to his sight, in proportion as it was now impossible

for him to increase or diversify their number.

Leaning on the arm of Sir Alured, while Lady Vere, on the other side, supported him, "How happy I am," he said, "to find myself once more surrounded by those I most love, in the home that I always preferred to all others. This is a noble place; but there will still be room, at a future period, Alured, for your creative genius. — "There you see," pointing with his cane, "a fine bend of the river; but it would have still more effect, I think, if some of those trees were cut away. Look, Leonora, at that hanging wood; from this seat we command a most extensive view. That is a beautiful eminence," again pointing to the exact spot with his cane: "I think a banqueting room or kiosk might be built with advantage upon it."

Lord Trelawney felt happy, indeed, on observing the confirmed felicity of Leonora, and in the consciousness that his glorious youth was revived in the spirit, the talent, the graces of Vere.

Every day beheld some new virtue expand in Alured, while those defects that formerly shaded his character, were reduced to such an inconsiderable number by Lady Vere's gentle, but all-prevailing influence, that none could dwell upon them but those who took an envious and malevolent pleasure in imagining the possible ruin into which those high-wrought passions, and bright energies, might, if less happily directed, have possibly hurried him.

The faults and indiscretions of genius can only be matter of triumph to those cold and rayless minds, which, unendowed themselves with the smallest portion of that celestial fire, find a sordid and gloomy satisfaction in contemplating the occasional errors and sufferings into which a susceptibility too high-toned, too exquisite for this world, sometimes leads those so eminently distinguished. A soul of superior stamp will view the ruin with the pity and sympathy inspired by kindred feeling: and, as the prophet of Bethel wept over the erring, but gifted seer of Judah,

will deplore the fatal lapse of a congenial spirit, and, mourning over his fall, sigh, “ Alas, my brother !” \*

The character of Sir Alured Vere no longer demanded such indulgence. Every day gave Leonora fresh reason to bless the generous confidence which had led her to entrust her happiness to the keeping of a man of talents and wit ; and she often, playfully, declared, that if Alured had been the dullest, most plodding man in England, he could not have proved more devoted or affectionate. Vere, on his part, became every day more attached to home ; and confirmed, in the society of Leonora, the truth of the remark he had first made in early youth, that though genius and glory impart a lustre and grace to life, the domestic affections alone can constitute its happiness.

\* 1 Kings, Chap. 13.

THE END.









*1827*

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